The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY
Hudson's Bay Company
INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670
OUTFIT 269 NUMBER 3

Governor's Christmas Message

FOR the 269th time in the life of the Honourable Company, Christmas is drawing near and, with it, the opportunity, which I always appreciate, of sending a personal message to each one of you. Year after year we say to each other the same familiar words—"A Merry Christmas." But here is a case where familiarity breeds no contempt; and as I write those words to you, I hope indeed that your Christmas, wherever you are, will be a really merry one and a prelude to a very happy New Year.

During the past twelve months the world has been through some very anxious times. The outlook is still uncertain and disturbing, but at least there is a lesson to be learnt from our troubles, which can aptly be applied to the Company as to any other live organisation. This is a changing world and everything in it must learn to adapt itself to altering conditions and surroundings. Opposition to change as such can only result in a gradual decline and loss of spirit. But the willing mind, that welcomes new opportunities and new demands, brings life and vigour to the task and contributes more than anything to real progress.

At the same time remember that there are certain ideals and principles of which the truth and value can never alter. Such are the standards of conduct, the love of adventure and the spirit of service which are among the greatest traditions of an old and honoured Company like ours. Hold fast to these as the only sure foundation on which to build our changing structures.

In this great work everyone must play his part. The theme of the world to-day is standardisation, and individuals too often feel that they do not count, that they are too unimportant to matter or to have any effect on the final result. Nothing is further from the truth. Never forget that, however carefully and skilfully the leaders may plan, their designs cannot take effect without the help and efforts of every member of the team. The driving force and the spontaneity which gives life to the Company must come from the keenness and imagination of the individual. Every man and woman counts; and every man and woman can take pride in their positions and in the knowledge that their work is of real value to the Company.

And so I say once again to each one of you—

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A VERY
HAPPY AND SUCCESSFUL NEW YEAR.

P. A. Cooper.

Governor.

THE BEAVER

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

OUTFIT 269 DECEMBER 1938 NUMBER 3

Mother and Child (Baffin Island)

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PACKET

Royal Mail—Bird's Hill Fur Farm. P. L. Hunter

Publication of the first volume by the Hudson's Bay Record Society is in itself an historic landmark. It is unique in the story of any business corporation that records dating back to a Royal Charter in 1670 should have been collected and cared for over a span of three centuries. Arranging and classifying the 30,000 volumes and files now housed in Hudson's Bay House, London, recently reached the stage where an ordered plan of publication became possible. This first book—George Simpson's Athabasca Journal of 1820-21—is one of a trilogy covering the "Athabasca topic."

Possession of these books is possible only to members of the Hudson's Bay Record Society and of the Champlain Society. Applications for membership in the Record Society may be forwarded to the Hudson's Bay Record Society, 68, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

The General Editor of the Record Society, E. E. Rich, visited Canada during the summer, came west to Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, and travelled by air to Norway House and to Lake Athabaska to see the country for himself. He has written for this issue some impressions of the Athabasca country in which he has been steeping himself.

To forestall questions about the spelling of Athabasca, the lake and river are officially spelled with a *k*. Sir George Simpson used a *c*, and to this day the Hud-

son's Bay Company's Athabasca District is spelled with a *c*. For this reason *The Beaver* clings to the old English.

This summer Lorene Squire's camera hunt for ducks took her from Harper, Kansas, mostly by air to Richards Island in the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of the great Mackenzie River, then to North Battleford in Saskatchewan, up again to Churchill, and north on the *Nascopie* to see Fort Ross and Arctic Bay and Thule and Baffin Island. Only a few Mounted Police and Hudson's Bay men have ever covered both western and eastern Arctic in one year. No camera artist and no woman has ever done it before. The cover is one of Miss Squire's colour pictures taken in the north last summer. The Company flag—the red ensign with H B C in white on the red field—flies over the post at Pangnirtung, largest settlement of the Eastern Arctic. Here on Baffin Island on the north shore of Cumberland Sound, the Company has had a post since 1921. In the early days Pangnirtung was an important whaling centre. Today it is a Mounted Police headquarters, and has a mission, a church, a hospital and resident doctor.

Pioneering must always have been accompanied by a dreary amount of monotony. The rosy aura of the unfamiliar is only acquired through time and distance. In "The Soil is not Enough," Marjorie Wilkins Campbell, of Toronto, has described faithfully both the monotony and the glamour of her Yorkshire parents' early years in the North West Territories. Like many another pioneer, William Wilkins wrested satisfactory living from the prairie soil, and in his daughter's book he notes how useful an ally to the pioneer was the Hudson's Bay Company.

Not to be missed in this number are the fur trade notes with their news of scientific expeditions, summer transport, the rapid growth of radio communication, and quietly told stories of courage in far off places.

Northern history overflows with courage and hardship. Catherine Hoare married her husband when he was on furlough in 1919 from his Anglican mission in the Arctic. In the June *Beaver* she described her wedding trip down the Mackenzie River to establish the mission at Aklavik. In 1922 the Hoare family was to move to Coronation Gulf, but instead they were marooned on Herschel Island for the winter. In the spring they packed the two babies and themselves for the return to Aklavik described in this number.

Alan Scott's journey from his post at Arctic Bay to Igloolik was reported to Winnipeg by H B C short wave. By return message, he was asked to send out the story for the *Beaver*. As the trip was made entirely in the dark, he could send no pictures. The illustrations are by Father Bazin, of Igloolik, and by Edwin W. Mills, of Hamilton, Ontario.

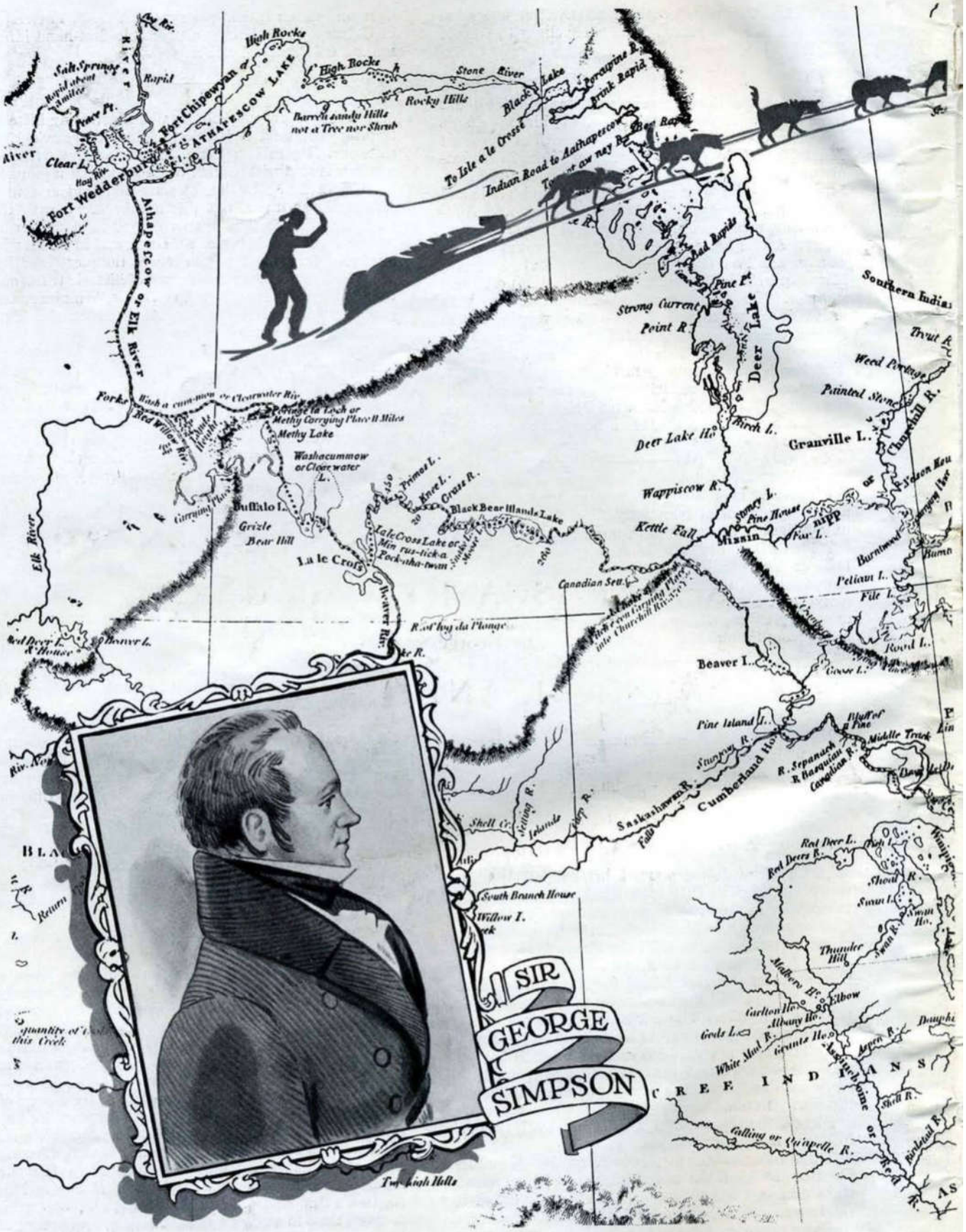
Three other stories in this issue are by specialists. Dr. Ross Mitchell has made a study of medical men in the Company. Mary Weekes, of Regina, is called by the Indians "Kindly Woman"—Waonsida Winga. Her summer home on the Qu'Appelle Lakes lies between Cree and Sioux Indian reservations. H. S. Patterson, of Calgary, has collected all possible first-hand information on Captain Palliser.

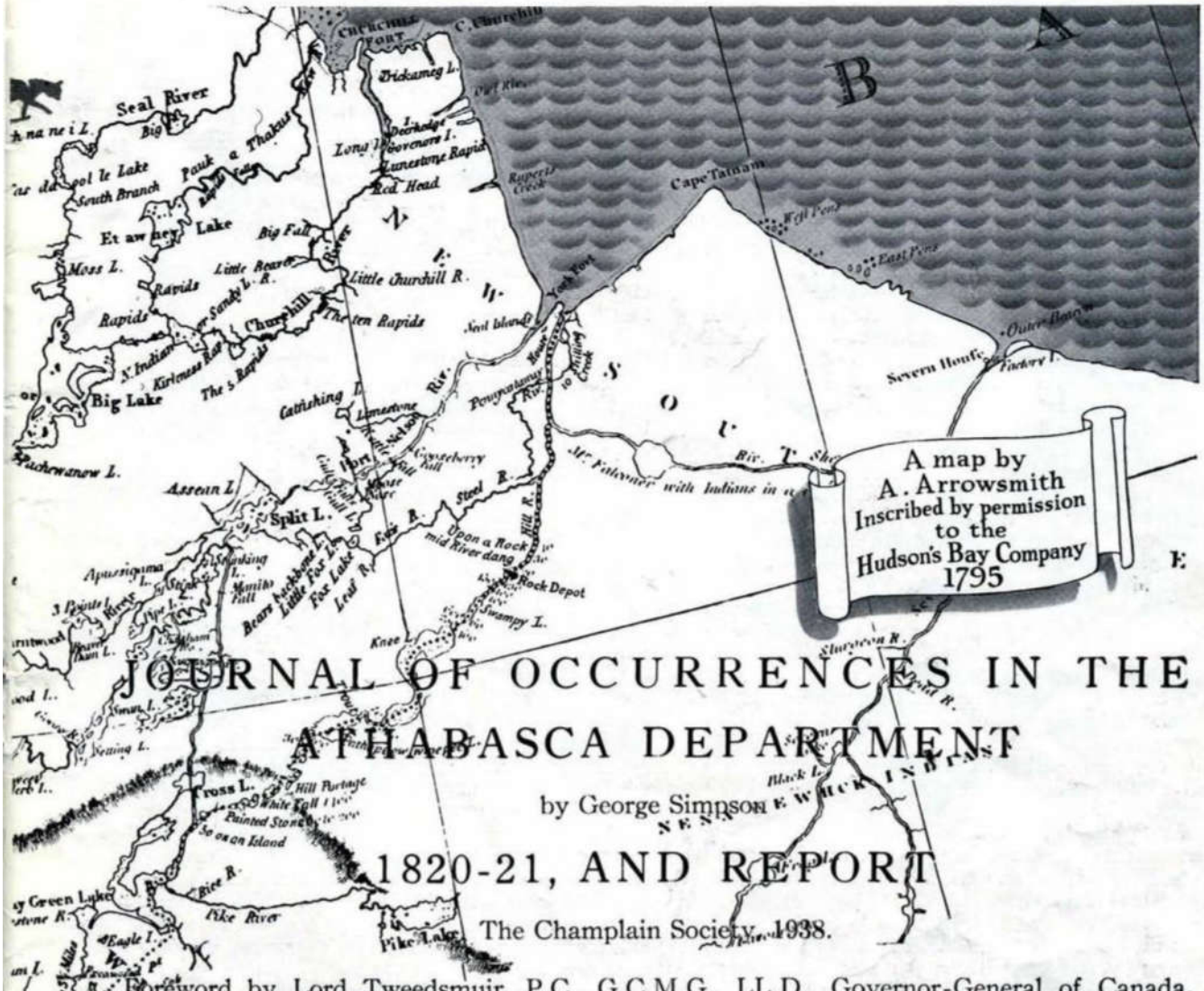
A vivid picture map of Canada, illustrating historic trading posts and territories, is the Company's 1939 calendar. It combines high decorative value with the symbols of centuries passed. When the map was planned in 1937, a first notation of some hundred and fifty incidents was made, but this number grew with the project until the final map emerged as a miniature panorama of the centuries. McLaren and McCaul, who produced the calendar, said it was the most exacting job they had undertaken—dozens of historic trifles had to be verified in Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, and painfully followed by the Toronto artist, Stanley Turner. Because the standard has been high, it is no light task to add another calendar to the impressive historical series begun in 1913. Viewed solely as art, certain pictures in the calendar collection are outstanding, notably Charles Comfort's "Last Dog Train Leaving Lower Fort Garry," and W. J. Phillip's uncommonly fine study of York boats at Norway House (1930). Fur traders, who receive next year's calendars the previous summer, are partial to ship pictures, of which two have been most decorative—the 1697 "Battle in the Bay," by Norman Wilkinson, on the 1937 calendar, and the picture for 1927, "In Hudson's Bay, 1845," by Spurling.

In its September etching (acid in spots) under the title of Canada the Siren, *Fortune* commented on the total value of furs taken in 1935-36 in Canada, as under $16,000,000, and noted that more than a third of this sum was accounted for, not by the intrepid trapper of the North, but by commercial fur farms, comfortably situated within the limits of civilization. *Fortune* neglected the 1936-37 season figures, and also the fact that these are the highest recorded since 1928-29. The actual total in 1935-36 was $15,464,883. The 1936-37 figures were $16,666,375, and of this 40 per cent. were pelts sold from fur farms. Of the territories bordering on Hudson Bay, Ontario produced in furs, $2,987,713; Quebec, $2,516,012; Northwest Territories, $1,108,947. Alberta's total was $2,161,507. In the total production of raw furs, silver fox amounted to $5,986,410; muskrat to $2,249,615, and mink to $2,240,375. These three made 63 per cent. of the total raw fur production of this country.

Almost at the last minute before going to press, a London mail arrived. Part of *The Beaver* was already locked up, but in a free form, a new page was inserted for the latest pictures of the Governor of the Company, Patrick Ashley Cooper, who was in South Africa during the summer as a member of a Royal Commission appointed by the British Government.

The same mail brought the already historic news of the Governor and Committee's arrangements for the safety of the staff in those critical moments when all England was reaching for its gas masks and devising shelter from impending war. We can only hope that the air-raid quarters prepared in Beaver House and in Hudson's Bay House, London, will have no more grim purpose than to go down to posterity as mute relics of September, 1938.


SIR
GEORGE
SIMPSON
Fort Chipewyan
ATHAPESCOW LAKE
Fort Wedderburn
Athapescow or Elk River
Deer Lake
Granville L.
Wappiscow R.
Kettle Fall
Beaver I.
Cumberland House
Saskatchewan R.
Pine Island L.
Red Deer L.
Red Deers R.
Thunder Hill
Elbow
Carlton House
Albany House
Swan R.
Swan Ho.
Shell R.
Calling or Quinpelle R.
Pine Island Ho.
South Branch House
Willow I.
Buffalo I.
Grizzle Bear Hill
La le Croix
Lake Cross Lake or Min tus-tick-a Pock-otha-twan
Black Bear Island Lake
Washacummow or Clear water L.
Methy Lake
Methy Carrying Place 11 Miles
Portage la Loch or
Indian Road to Athapescow
To Isle a la Crosse
High Rocks
Stone River
Rocky Hills
Barren sandy Hills not a Tree nor Shrub
Black Lake
Porcupine R.
Drink Rapid
Bad Rapids
Strong Current
Point R.
Pine R.
Deer Lake Ho.
Birch L.
Trout R.
Weed Portage
Painted Stone
Churchill R.
Southern Indians
Stoney L.
Pine House
Pine R.
Missin
Burntwood
Pelican L.
Canadian Sea
Beaver L.
Red Deer L.
Elk River
Forks
Wash a cum-mow or Clearwater Riv.
Red Willow R.
Primes L.
Knee L.
Crane R.
Grizzle Bear Hills
Carrying Place
Beaver R.
Portage de la Plonge
Portage from Carrying Place into Churchill River
Shell Cr.
Islands
Isle R.
Stumpy R.
Sepanock R.
Basquian R.
Canadian R.
Middle Track
Muskeg
Thick Hills
Gods L.
White Mud R.
Mistawasis Ho.
Mistawasis R.
Assiniboine or Rapid R.
Birchtail R.
CREE INDIANS
Return
Rapid where Families
Salt Springs
Clear L.
Hay Rie
Fever Pt.
River
Rapid
Fort Wedderburn



JOURNAL OF OCCURRENCES IN THE ATHABASCA DEPARTMENT

by George Simpson

1820-21, AND REPORT

The Champlain Society, 1938.

Foreword by Lord Tweedsmuir, P.C., G.C.M.G., LL.D., Governor-General of Canada.
Introduction by Chester Martin, M.A., LL.D., Professor of History, University of Toronto.
Preface by E. E. Rich, M.A., F.R. Hist. Soc., Fellow of St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, General Editor for the Hudson's Bay Record Society.

THIS is George Simpson's own account of his first winter in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Its importance lies in the fact that when he emerged from the Athabasca Department in 1821, the union with the North West Company was complete—on paper. It remained for Simpson to weld the new Hudson's Bay Company into one of the greatest commercial empires the world has ever known.

Introducing the *Journal* and *Report*, Professor Martin contributes a detailed survey of Canadian history as influenced by the fur trade, and places this Athabasca period in a precise setting as a grim prelude ushering in "the golden age" of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"In the background of the two centuries from the Charter of 1670 to the transfer of Rupert's Land to Canada in 1870, the events of 1820-21 have almost the contours of a mountain range, visible in retrospect from the remotest boundaries of the Company's history," writes Professor Martin.

If the events he chronicled so minutely day by day appeared mountainous to young George Simpson, these pages from his pen give no sign. While men who make history must have some conception of their place in the scheme of things, it has always remained for posterity to appraise that place. George Simpson, with the co-operation and tempered judgment of the London Com-

mittee, affected greatly not only the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, but also that of Canada and the Empire. He was rewarded with a knighthood by Her Majesty the Queen. Yet he still awaits a biographer, for whom this Record Society volume will provide a soundly documented basis.

To read this first *Journal* is to be conscious of an almost painful close-up of a remarkable man and of the Company he lived to serve so magnificently but which at this period was bewildered and disintegrated by war with the North West Company. The Company had been persuaded to import some ex-Northwesters in order to fight fire with fire, and this new way of doing business sat most uncomfortably on all concerned. Long-distance administration having at last proved too awkward and dangerous as the war with the Northwesters waxed hotter, the Governor and Committee had appointed a resident governor of Rupert's Land. The present incumbent, William Williams, had sent back word that he was in danger of arrest and removal down to Canada for trial, as part of North West tactics to embarrass their rivals. The situation was desperate. On five days' notice Simpson left England for New York to join Williams at Norway House on Lake Winnipeg.

Simpson was fresh from the London sugar brokerage of his uncle, Geddes Mackenzie Simpson, whose daughter he afterwards married. He was recommended to the Governor and Committee by Andrew Wedderburn, later Andrew Colvile, who became Deputy Governor and Governor of the Company.

"I have long known him," Andrew Colvile told the Committee, "and have perfect confidence in his honour and discretion in case you should find it necessary to have any confidential communication with him; he is active and intelligent with sufficient promptness and determination." Lord Selkirk also wrote of him as "of a character likely to conciliate many of the contending parties in that country." Simpson never ceased to be grateful for these recommendations, which became the cornerstone of his supreme loyalty to the Company he served until the day of his death.

At the opening of the *Journal* he was some thirty-three years of age. Williams was safe on Company ground where presumably North West warrants could not harm him, but he required a strong man for the vital Athabasca Department where at least two chief officers had been arrested by Nor'westers. He named Simpson to take out the shabby brigade from Rock Depot on the Hayes River, just inland from York Factory.

To Simpson the prospect could have offered no charm whatever. He had no education in fur trading; he would be on unfamiliar ground from the start and the path led straight to the enemy stronghold; everywhere about him he could see signs of the demoralized trade. He was due to return to England by the Company's ship the following summer. He might fairly creditably have lazed through the winter and returned to London with his fantastic tale of the morass he had observed at first hand. If there had been any daunting George Simpson, he would never have left Rock Depot. Apparently, he accepted the appointment with alacrity.

Simpson had not launched the Athabasca brigade when he began to note the faults in the system. While he was in Montreal, he had observed that the city would have been better built farther down the river where the water was deeper. It was the same wherever he went; nothing, as it was, was right. The whole thing must have been very upsetting for his companion fur traders, although from this distance in time, his reforms could hardly have been more needed. No detail was too small to escape his passion for efficiency, and his observation of detail was endless. That he would be there for only one season did not matter. Before he left he meant to whip the Athabasca (a vast territory including almost everything west and north of the immediate royal preserve draining into Hudson Bay) into smooth efficiency with profits well ahead of expenses and the right men in the right places. That winter he laid the foundation for the methods which he would later extend over the whole new commercial empire. By the following spring his own feet were firmly planted well up on the ladder leading to the fur trade throne.

It was a winter calculated to dampen—and chill—the most ardent spirit. Simpson wrote his *Journal* in freezing, wet encampments, in leaky, badly built canoes, and, finally, from shabby, ramshackle Fort Wedderburn on its bleak island on Lake Athabaska, where the ink froze within four feet of the fireplace. The fort faced North West Company's Chipewyan, and the Hudson's Bay men were virtually prisoners.

For a reformer it was virgin soil. It seems incredible today that until Simpson arrived, no one else seemed to have turned the first sod towards cutting the heavy operating loss in this country that was known as the Eldorado of the fur trade.

Simpson found himself head of a vast fur area and a number of Company forts scattered over the western and northern wilderness. Both headquarters and units lacked any semblance of an adequate supply of trade goods. No provision whatever had been made for a food supply. Ammunition was lacking. The hope of fur returns was almost nil, since the natives had been demoralized by traders of both companies who gave heavy advances, removed all incentive from hunting, and then intercepted trappers without scruple. There was trade rivalry within the Hudson's Bay Company in adjacent districts. ("It should be recollected that we are all laboring in the same vineyard.") Nature herself failed them that winter for the weather was unseasonable for hunting or fishing. Every distressing, improvident detail was set down in the *Journal* to be summed up at the end of the season when Simpson wrote his *Report* and sent it directly to London.

Day by day, he probed and penned the weaknesses of the system, and pursued an even course of steady driving towards ordered discipline, increased returns and diminished expense. There was practically nothing at Wedderburn with which to effect immediate reform, but every possible element was utilized. Simpson handled the near Nor'westers with dignity, judgment, and no small courage. Avoiding major outbreak, he adroitly contrived to keep the peace. He was not paid for fighting. His own staff, whom he quaintly divided into "the gentry, the half-gentry, and the people," he drove, humored, disciplined, and "smoothed," under conditions that would have discouraged the most ardent progressive.

As the winter wore on, no trade goods whatever remained. The men parted with their clothing. Simpson contributed a suit of his own; it was characteristic that he asked no employee to do what he was not willing to do himself. There came a sad day in the early spring when he decorated a visiting Indian chief with the last "medal"—in lieu of more practical presents. The entire fort, Simpson included, lived on whitefish three times a day hauled painfully by dog train from the fishery some miles away. Mending and building

within the fort was impossible because of the lack of proper tools or the wherewithal to make more. Twine for fish nets had been left behind. There was no material for mending or building canoes. In bitter cold weather, the fort disclosed all the faults of hasty, ill-planned construction. Even the dogs gave out.

To a less active mind, Fort Wedderburn would have spelled prison, but Simpson, to judge from his *Journal*, kept himself busy day and night. He interviewed the natives (through "the thrifty Amazon," the guide's wife); despatched and received the small brigades within his territory; wrote long letters berating or praising the officers; planned shorter routes of travel, improved portages, listed adequate supplies of necessaries. Next season's outfit for the Athabasca was to benefit. There would be horses to shorten the time wasted at portages; the Company must breed dogs. The depot was to know exactly what the district required, and to pack it properly and carefully. The Company brigades must be made to look smarter than the Nor'westers'. Posts and districts would meet their own food needs; in time of famine and for the brigades, there must be pemmican. Never again would a brigade leave behind valuable trade goods in order to accommodate passengers.

Officers were to be wearied with the very sound of the word "oeconomy." Later they were to put it into daily practice, and boost the returns back to dazzling dividends.

"Oeconomy must be studied with unremitting attention; it was necessary to sacrifice property in the early stage of the business in order to attach Indians to our cause . . . that being effected we must change the system and make up for past losses; 'tis Furs we now want, and it is by the number of packs alone that the Govr. & Committee can judge of the talents and merit of the Trader."

Again, "I have the vanity to think that the system will soon be improved. Extravagance seems hitherto to have been the motto. It shall now however be Oeconomy." As Professor Martin writes in his introduction, an anthology could be compiled from Simpson's dinning of "oeconomy."

A highly interesting study could also be made of Simpson's relations with his men. Somehow he managed to keep them all busy, to note scrupulously their good and bad points, to maintain his dignity, and to give wise leadership to the small community which contained not a single man he could implicitly trust. Company men were informed they must keep on friendly terms with the gentlemen of their district, and that they must exert themselves to reconcile small differences. If the Canadians were humoured in trifles "anything may be done with them, but if treated with uniform harshness and severity they will Mutiny to a certainty."

Duncan Finlayson (Fort St. Mary's) was asked to study to please his fort hunter Baptiste Bisson, the best in the north and worth cultivating despite his capricious temper. Simpson sweetened him with a present for Bisson minor. Finlayson was having an indescribably hard winter at his post, and Simpson wrote sympathetically: "I am really grieved at your sufferings and trust that you and the people are safe. Keep up your spirits, the good cheer at the Depot will efface the recollection of our miseries in Athabasca."

Early in the journal, Mr. Lewis, of Lesser Slave Lake, was commended for converting his canoe into a vehicle of burden—"the only instance of a District Master in the Canadian establishment having so far laid aside self importance for the Interest of his Employers." The trader at Portage la Loche had made friends with the rival Northwester to the extent of spending a social evening—he is severely lectured for it.

Simpson writes to Joseph Greill at Berens House: "It has been hinted that you are rather addicted to the Bottle, this report I cannot believe until it is substantiated on conclusive evidence, and I trust your conduct will be so perfectly correct as to challenge the strictest examination; a Drunkard you are aware is an object of contempt even in the eyes of the Savage race with whom we have to deal in this country."

Lamallice the guide was found to be lazy, overpaid, and generally difficult, but his wife was the only person in the fort who could talk Chipewyan, and Simpson took pains to keep both in good humor.

Mr. Brown, formerly in charge of the district, was described as "a most attentive, zealous Servant but unfortunately harsh and uncourteous in his address; he grants his favors with a bad grace, and his manner is by no means prepossessing, so that I have much difficulty in maintaining Peace and quietness between him and some of the Officers and Men." Relations between Brown and Simpson became so strained that there was an interchange of letters within the fort. Simpson's reply, duly filed, is a gem. He set down the duties of the various people in the fort, and pointed out that they could only be persuaded to take on additional jobs by politeness and kindness. "Flattery is a very cheap commodity, and greatly estimated by such people. I would recommend your bestowing a sufficient quantum on them, and rendering a few trifling indulgencies in order to ensure their good offices and attach them to the Interests of the Company." He concluded the letter with a good measure of the flattery he recommended.

There is lament over the completely inadequate stock of spirits. Had there been more, and a few tempting trifles for the men to buy, the Company would have smaller drafts to pay at the conclusion of their contracts.

Occasionally, to raise the morale of the little community, there would be a "dance." Despite periods of near-starvation, Simpson contrived to reserve some Christmas cheer. They had a "dram" in the morning, and the gentlemen sat down to the most sumptuous dinner the establishment could afford—roast beef, plum pudding and a temperate bowl of punch. New Year's festivities commenced at four o'clock in the morning when Simpson was honoured with a salute of firearms. Everybody dressed in their best clothes and assembled in "the hall" for rum and cakes. A full allowance of buffalo meat was served. . . . Simpson received visitors from Chipewyan, and the people had a dance. Next day the host who had produced this miraculous plenty after the undiluted diet of whitefish, seized the favourable opportunity to renew various men's engagements at good terms.

The Northwesters in their "Watch House" at Wedderburn's doors, kept the Bay men in a constant state of suspense. Night after night attack was expected momentarily. Finally, by a swift move and a somewhat doubtful warrant, they arrested Simon McGillivray (son of Hon. William McGillivray) and kept him prisoner within Wedderburn until he eventually escaped disguised as his wife. There is a curious picture of Simpson and McGillivray sitting for two hours one evening

discussing guardedly the state of the country, the situation of the Indians, and the trade of New Caledonia and the Mackenzie River. McGillivray tells Simpson of negotiations in London between the two rival companies, and that a coalition is imminent. This did not slacken Simpson's pace towards reform, though he makes shrewd comment: "A proper understanding with some members of the N.W.Coy. would in my humble opinion be desirable, but that association should be carefully weeded previous to forming any connection, otherways the reputation of the Honble. Hudson's Bay Coy. will suffer an indelible stain."

Once or twice the *Journal* is lightened by wry humour. The prisoner reported that his children had been terrified by the fort cook. "Mr. McGillivray complained that Glasgow our Cook was in the habit of chastising his children and had this afternoon thrown down and kicked his little girl; it appears however that there is no ground for the charge; the man happens to be a Negro and the children have taken umbrage at his complexion, it being a shade darker than their own."

A chapter might be written on his relations with John Clarke, of Ile-à-la-Crosse, who from the outset is a thorn in Simpson's flesh. There is one first suave reference to Clarke at Rock Depot. Afterwards, few days fail to recount his sins of omission and commission with a steadily rising note of anger. It is the fury of a man living steadily on whitefish while his coworker enjoyed the fleshpots, and it is the righteous wrath of the epitome of Company officers. Clarke was an ex-Northwester, first man into the Athabasca for the Hudson's Bay Company, and the founder of Fort Wedderburn, although Simpson did not drag that up in the *Journal*. Colin Robertson, also ex-Northwester, had planned the original Company foray into the Athabasca country, but at Red River he found the Selkirk settlers in such sad plight that he remained to govern them, sending Clarke on the Athabasca mission. Both men were subsequently arrested by their former comrades. In Simpson's first winter, he was only aware of Clarke as a selfish, extravagant, vain officer, without a single notion of "oeconomy," and with a predilection for vast quantities of trade goods which he refused to share with the needy Athabascans. Simpson treated him scathingly in his *Report:* "An opponent has started up in Mr. Clarke, the Company's representative at Ile-à-la-Crosse, who by his overwhelming powers and weight of property has done us more injury than the N.W. Coy."

Another trial was the difficult Mr. Oxley, who wanted to break his contract, and who objected to dressing a Blister which had been applied to one of the Indians, "although he had nothing to occupy his attentions except the armoury and occasionally ministering to an invalid." Simpson owns he was mistaken in attributing some mental capacity to Oxley. "I have lately discovered that he cannot convey a common-

Simpson wrote his journal in shabby Fort Wedderburn where ink froze within four feet of the fireplace.

place idea in a legible shape, and that whatever comes from his pen must undergo the revision and correction of another." Oxley had been a soldier, and Simpson regarded this as poor preparation for a Company man.

"Mr. Oxley assumes indecorous consequence from the circumstances of his being a Half Pay Lieut. in the Army, and seems to consider it derogatory to his dignity to make himself useful about the place: he has his share of the best living our Store can afford, but makes grievous complaints on that head. . . . Military Gentlemen from the few examples I have seen are very unfit subjects for this country, we do not want idlers but men of good sound constitutions who can make up their minds to the drudgery of the service, the mode of living, want of comfort, and general privations and inconveniences which are incident to the country; it is not therefore on account of the value of Mr. Oxley's services that I object to his retiring but to prevent the dangerous precedent of Gentlemen suiting their own

inclination at pleasure, and thereby sacrificing the Compys. Interests."

Students of Arctic exploration will find in these pages the first glimmerings which were later to result in the Company's brilliant mapping of the north under Dr. John Rae, Thomas Simpson and others. Captain Back and Lieutenant Franklin were in the country preparing to go north. They counted on the two rival fur trade companies to assist them, and poor Simpson was hopelessly embarrassed that he had nothing to contribute. The formal correspondence with Capt. Back, who suspected Simpson of holding out on him, is one of the book's lighter spots.

Simpson makes this comment: "Mr. Back paid me a visit preparatory to his departure; from his remarks I infer there is little probability of the objects of the expedition being accomplished, not so much on account of any serious difficulties to be apprehended, but from a want of unanimity amongst themselves; indeed it seem a paradox, as we have seldom more than nine sitters at Table, but when it is known that some of these men eat from 8 to 10 lbs p day it is explained, and some of these Gluttons have the assurance to complain that they are half starved. The sun has been so powerful this Forenoon as to thaw the snow on the houses and the Flies are beginning to awake from their Torpor."

Only once does Simpson record a note of complaint: "I would not on any consideration undergo a repetition of the vexations, misery and anxiety I have this year suffered, arising solely from the want of means to carry on the Business as it ought to be conducted."

Simpson finished his winter in the Athabasca with a competent list of the department's requirements for the next season; he had succeeded in the face of every adverse circumstance in cutting the trade loss; and he prepared to start out to the depot. But first he wrote his *Report*, duly prefaced by a very slight apology for

"Grand Rapids—two miles in six minutes—'The finest run in North America'."

appears to me that the mission was projected and entered into with mature consideration and the necessary previous arrangements totally neglected; moreover Lieut. Franklin, the Officer who commands the party has not the physical powers required for the labor of moderate Voyaging in this country; he must have three meals p diem, Tea is indispensible, and with the utmost exertion he cannot walk above Eight miles in one day, so that it does not follow if these Gentlemen are unsuccessful that the difficultes are insurmountable."

The task of provisioning the fort occupied much time. By March Simpson was driven to exclaim: "Received five trains fish from the Big Island where there are 33 nets in use producing some 80 to 90 fish p diem:—had our Fort Hunters not been successful lately we must have been reduced to starvation. The consumption of provisions at this place is incredible, the Officer's Mess including three House Servants expends about 90 lbs. Buffaloe Meat p Diem, this may sending it directly to London without troubling Governor Williams, who was the logical channel for such communication.

"It appears to me that the affairs of Athabasca have been hitherto totally neglected or sadly mismanaged," the Report runs—"yet it affords me peculiar satisfaction to be enabled to state that generally speaking they begin to assume a more favorable appearance. . . . Had the management of the business been in competent hands, and conducted with ordinary discretion, it would long ere now have assumed a very different appearance, and the fatality which seems to have attended it been avoided; but to mismanagement, and the total absence of decision and salutary arrangement, more than the Opposition of the North West Compy. are to be imputed the misfortunes which which it would appear the concern has been haunted."

If the voyage in had been hard, the return was dreadful. The only food for twenty men and four passengers on the nine-day toil to Ile-à-la-Crosse was a bag of

pemmican, a little dried meat, and a few geese. They started May 23, before the ice was all out. Up at one or two o'clock in the morning, breakfast at nine, rain and ice, broken canoes—men so hungry they tried to trade blankets and clothing with some Crees for a dog. The Crees refused. Clarke was supposed to have forwarded pemmican, and failed. At Ile-à-la-Crosse they found him gone to Cumberland. Of 108 bags of pemmican at Ile-à-la-Crosse for the Athabascans, Clarke had absorbed seventy. The brigade was so starved that food at Ile-à-la-Crosse made many sick. The entire month was a nightmare that ended in heat, flies, and "Moscheto's" Yet the trials could not quite take away Simpson's wholehearted enjoyment of the Grand Rapid—two miles in six minutes—"the finest run in North America."

They reached Norway House at one p.m., June 19, 1821, "where I was received with much politeness and attention by the Govr. in Chief."

The winter in the Athabasca was over, and Simpson learned officially of the union of the North West Company with the Hudson's Bay Company.

A. M.

ATHABASCA, 1938

General Editor for the Hudson's Bay Record Society, E. E. Rich, paid a flying visit to Norway House and Lake Athabaska in August, and recorded his impressions in this afterword on "The Journal of Occurrences . . ."

WHEN George Simpson first went into Athabasca as a young man in 1820, it was almost a seven-months journey from England. He sailed from Liverpool on March 4 to New York, and from there went by Montreal and the Great Lakes to meet Governor Williams. From Rock Depot on the Hayes River to Norway House on Lake Winnipeg, by Cumberland House, Ile-à-la-Crosse and Methy Portage, and downstream to Athabaska Lake, it was the Company's laborious route to this bitterly contested region. Simpson reached Fort Wedderburn on Athabaska Lake on September 20.

The fur trade personnel of the Company, Simpson found, was dominated by men who had been in the business for so long that they had ceased to think constructively about it—if indeed they had ever done so. In recent years some effort had been made to recruit more vigorous personalities, able to make and to enforce decisions. For example, there was William Williams, Governor of Rupert's Land; Dr. William Todd, on leave for a year; Jonas Oxley, formerly a lieutenant in the Third West India Regiment, who had just earned the thanks of the Committee and a £50 gratuity for conveying North West malefactors to Montreal. Notwithstanding this new blood, the Company's affairs were grossly mismanaged either by renegade Nor'westers or by dour Hudson's Bay men. Such former Nor'westers as Robertson, Clarke, Andries, Chastellaine and McAulay thought and acted vigorously enough, but they disdained accountancy. The Hudson's Bay men were content with a standard of living which compared favourably with the penurious homes they had left as youths; they were hampered by London's legalistic attitude; and they completely failed to see that the Company must oppose the Nor'westers in their own strongholds, must either get a footing in Athabasca, or renounce control of the Bay.

With no practical experience and little technical knowledge of the fur trade, George Simpson brought to this situation a sound knowledge of ordinary business methods and a clear, fresh mind. To these assets he gave full scope. No sense of modesty prevented this young greenhorn from London from forming and expressing opinions on the way the business was run, and on the men who were directing it. At the end of his first winter, he reported that "generally speaking" there was "a great dearth of talent among the officers of this Department." As for his predecessor in command, he could write without qualms: "Fortunately for the Compys interests in Athabasca generally, but Peace River in particular (as it would have been his headquarters) Mr. Robertson did not return to the Country last Fall."

Of John Clarke, his colleague at Ile-à-la-Crosse and his predecessor in Athabasca, he wrote: "This man should be got rid of without delay, as his folly (which is almost too mild a term) is more dangerous than the malice of our avowed enemies."

Simpson's opinion of the subordinates with whom he had to work was equally low. "The Company's Agents in Canada appear to select the most miserable wretches the country produces for this service."

It would be a mistake to imagine young Simpson was all censure. He found much to praise in individuals, though there was little in the system that escaped his condemnation. But it is clear that the freshness and vigour of his judgment was undimmed by any regard for precedent or reputation or modesty. His comments on the situation have therefore a value of their own.

Arrived at his destination, Simpson found Lake Athabaska the active centre of the northern trade. The chief establishment, Fort Chipewyan, was the "Grand Magazine" of the North. Founded in 1788, and moved only once since, it was a North West stronghold, a "magnificent establishment" on the north shore of the lake. In opposition was the Company's Fort Wedderburn, three miles away on Coal Island. As Simpson saw it, Wedderburn was badly finished, sadly in need of repairs or reconstruction, ill-furnished, ill-disciplined, and closely spied upon—at times actively terrorised—by the Watch House the Nor'westers built at its very doors.

Both Chipewyan and Wedderburn were strategic

centres for the production of vast fur returns. Because of the fierce opposition between them, the Indians played one against the other and returns suffered accordingly. These were more than two great fur trade posts. They were the focal points of the rivalry between the two fur companies for the whole northern trade. From Athabaska Lake there depended not only its own subsidiary posts, but the vast districts of Mackenzie River, Peace River, Great Slave Lake, and the Rocky Mountains. It was also from Athabasca that the current route started over the Rockies to New Caledonia and Columbia on the Pacific coast.

This *entrepot* trade intensified the main difficulty of the Athabasca business—transport. If these outlying districts were to get their winter's supplies by open water, brigades must leave the Lake as early in September as possible. The outgoing brigade rarely got to the Depot before the middle of June. It usually took until the middle of July for matters to be arranged at the Depot, men recruited, accounts settled, and brigades despatched. This left no margin for error on the journey back to Athabasca. The whole summer operation was a steady race against time and the elements.

In the race against ice, Mackenzie River presented the worst problem. The Mackenzie did not break up until June; it was impossible to get the returns further on their way to Europe than Athabasca before the ice closed in again. The Mackenzie River trade (at that time in the hands of the North West Company) thus involved a delay of an extra year before the furs reached their market. Fort Chipewyan, as the *entrepot*, acquired added importance.

The short season of open water was not the only reason for hurry in the Athabasca transport system. It is not surprising to find the winterers of those days arriving back at the Depot famished after a winter in the interior, but it does seem bad management to read of their fear of starvation on the inland trip. Yet this was often the case. The trade was conducted by canoe. (The York boat came later.) The northern canoe carried a crew of five or six men, apart from passengers. It was impossible to carry sufficient provisions for all these for a three-months journey from Rock Depot to Athabasca, if any room was to be left for cargo. When there was time they got fish and game *en route*, but they had to rely mainly on pemmican. Space prohibited taking a complete supply with them even if pemmican had not been scarce. For these reasons, the brigade took on a limited supply at a time and replenished at fixed points on the journey. This, and the fear of early freeze-up, necessitated a closely calculated schedule for the brigade to the interior. Any delay from sickness, incapacity, broken canoes, or a head wind, involved the danger of starvation.

During Simpson's regime, the Company changed greatly; it has changed even more since his day. The fur-trading company has given place to a vast organization in which the fur trade is only one interest—although a most important one. The narrow views and limited outlook of the personnel of those days have been replaced by an attitude which must impress even the most casual visitor.

Yet, vast though the changes have been, Athabasca still has a great importance in the economy of the Company, and an importance bound up with its transport system. The journey out from England, over which Simpson took seven months, can now be accomplished in a fortnight, and the last stage of the journey would now follow a different route. He came over Methy Portage and down the Christina and Clearwater Rivers to join the Athabaska River, and at the Forks of the Athabaska and Clearwater Rivers he found no settlement, nothing to show that the spot was of any particular significance.

The advent of the railway made a big difference here. First the route was deflected from Methy and Ile-à-la-Crosse to Edmonton, and so north. The Athabasca Brigade used to provide the link between Edmonton (Athabaska Landing) and the settlement of McMurray, which grew up at the Forks. Later, the railway continued its work and took freight and passengers from Edmonton to Waterways, where the system of river transport began its operations.

Today, the Company's Mackenzie River Transport sends its fleet of ships, launches, tugs and barges down the 1,800 miles to the Arctic Ocean, and westward up the Peace and Liard Rivers. For passengers in a hurry there are admirable air services with Edmonton as a base. They have the attraction of pilots whose cheerful competence must add to the pleasures of any trip.

These changes in transport have revolutionized the status of Lake Athabaska. More recently the enormous development of the mineral resources of the region have changed the whole transport picture. Transport to the centres of gold development has become a new arm of the Hudson's Bay Company's northern business along with modern retail units instead of historic trading posts.

After the amalgamation of the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, Fort Wedderburn was abandoned, and no sign of it now remains on Coal Island. Chipewyan remained the emporium of the northern trade, and was later rebuilt in imposing style. But the approach to the north via Edmonton meant that McMurray and Waterways became of paramount importance, whether the river or the railway covered the latter part of the journey. Here were the railheads, and the traffic stops only at Fitzgerald Rapids and at Fort Smith, where the eighteen miles of rapids form the only barrier between Waterways and the Arctic.

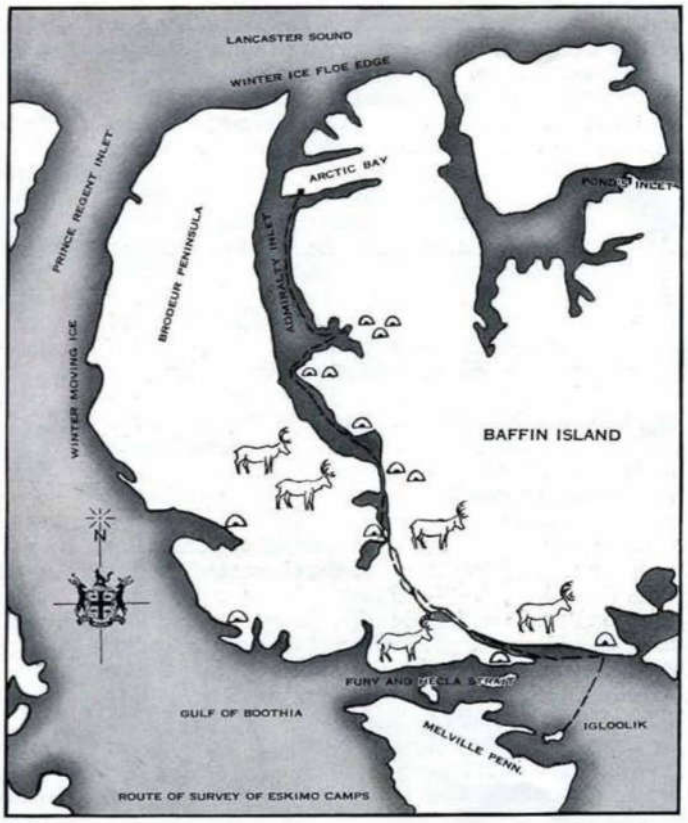
Chipewyan has therefore lost its importance as a traffic centre. The fevered re-sorting of the goods brought in by the brigades has given place to the ordered hurry at the railhead at Waterways, with its warehouses, derricks, escalator and barges, to the fleet of lorries on the Fitzgerald Portage, and to the fleet of barges below Smith, on the Mackenzie. The river continues, but it flows past Chipewyan.

The old "Grand Magazine of the North" is now important only as a trading post, and it is in keeping with the change in its circumstances that the post has recently been rebuilt. Instead of being an impressive quadrangle of warehouses, a complete "fort" on the hill outside of the settlement, it is now a well-built store and house in the midst of the settlement—nothing more.

But although much has changed, much remains too. The fact that there are only four months of open water still dominates the traffic system of the Athabaska and Mackenzie. The lake-shore at Chipewyan remains unattractive and devoid of good timber as it was when Simpson first saw it. And the master of the post is still faced with the same problems which beset Simpson, for one can still hear him using almost the same words as Simpson used; "A band of Indians was here yesterday, seeking debt."

Arctic Bay to Igloolik

Post Manager Alan Scott's Journal of his 640 mile trek south from the Company's farthest north post by dog team, January, 1938.



HER HOME IS IGLOOLIK

JANUARY 11TH, 1938—It was the day I had planned to leave Arctic Bay for my journey to Igloolik Island, just off the north-east coast of Melville Peninsula, a distance of approximately 320 miles, in order to find out the conditions of the Eskimos in that community and other outlying camps, and to locate any suitable future camping grounds for the natives' welfare. It was a cold miserable looking day, the weather at the time being very unsettled when at last we were ready to pull out.

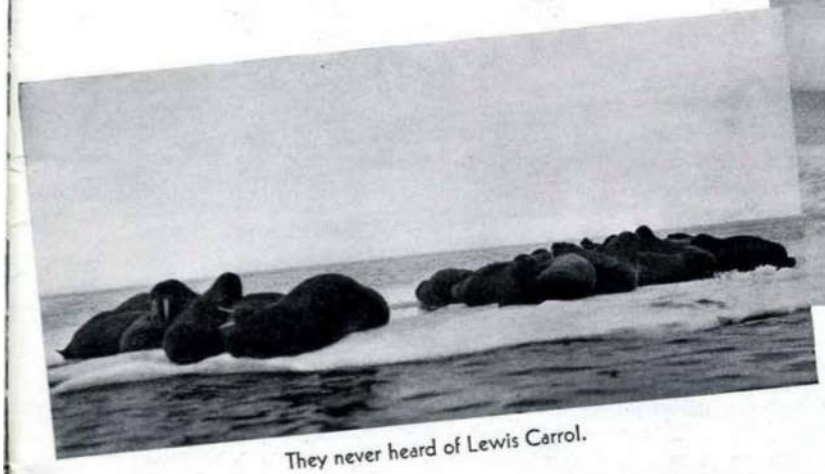
My native dog-driver Longalook loaded everything securely to the komatik by the aid of lanterns. This was still our dark period and the sun was well below the horizon. Our load of about 1,000 lbs. consisted mostly of dog food, biscuits, tobacco, tea, sugar, coal oil and a few sundries. With shaking of hands and a few last minute instructions to Apprentice Ahlbaum, who was left in charge of the post, we were off.

On entering Adams Sound we found good travelling, most of the ice being blown clear of snow. In Admiralty Inlet we struck a bad storm; the wind driving the snow into our faces obliterated everything. We could not see the dogs ahead of us. After travelling about five miles through this we came to a small island, and in the lee of this decided to make camp. It took about forty-five minutes to build our snow house; I cut out the blocks with a saw and handed them to the native who did the building. I'm afraid some of those blocks were rather poorly cut as I am still a novice at the game. My driver did not complain; in fact he complimented me on my good work, so I made up my mind there and then to master the art of cutting those blocks properly.

At last we were comfortably installed within our building. The Eskimo oil lamp and the primus stoves

were soon going and a meal well under way. Our supper was a large plate of beans, or rather hash, as ham, bacon, ketchup and molasses had been added to make an excellent dish for travelling purposes. With this we had a mug of tea and some bannock. Then we rolled into our sleeping robes and were soon in the land of dreams.

WEDNESDAY, 12TH, 6 A.M.—Up and had breakfast. Took a look at the weather by peering through the air vent at top of the snow house and found it had changed for the better. By the aid of the lantern we soon had everything lashed on the sleigh, the dogs harnessed, and set off up Admiralty Inlet. At noon we stopped on the ice and had a quick mug-up, then set off again keeping a southerly course. About 7.30 p.m. we halted in the lee of a small group of islands and built our snow house, first giving the fourteen dogs a good feed of whale meat and blubber.



They never heard of Lewis Carrol.

Canada's Eastern Arctic abounds in walrus. They provide the Eskimo with food, dog food, fat for the oil lamps, hide for dog harness and whips, and tusks for sled runners.

THURSDAY, 13TH—Up bright and early, weather clear, and the temperature ranging around 30° below zero. After travelling about three hours we came on fresh komatik tracks. No sooner did the dogs get on this than we were off at a good speed, knowing a camp must be at hand. Early in the afternoon we reached our first Eskimo settlement comprising a group of three families. After the handshakes and greetings were over, our gear was all stowed away in the chief native's house. Supper over, I went to pay a visit to the other two families. On entering one of the dwellings I was startled to see an old lady peering out at me from her sleeping robes. She was the most wrinkled-faced woman I had ever set eyes upon. She had beady little eyes that kept watching every movement; a short dirty looking clay pipe was stuck in her mouth, and I don't think her skin had seen water for at least five years. Her deerskin sleeping robes were in such condition that I doubt if the dogs would have dined on them. She kept looking at me, then back to her pipe. It was a good hint, but as I had no tobacco I gave her a cigarette, and had to laugh when she hurriedly pushed it into her mouth and commenced sucking it. I told her to put it into her pipe; this being done and a light put to it she gave me a happy and contented look and curled up again. I was glad to get out of that tent, as little cold shivers were running up and down my spine. Before leaving I examined a badly poisoned finger of a young woman. Taking her to the house I was staying in, I had it lanced and dressed, relieving her of much of the pain it had been causing.

The other quarters I found in a much better condition, the woman and children being clean and tidy.

I expected to meet at this camp Rev. J. H. Turner, resident missionary, who was also on his way to Igloolik, but later found he had been delayed for a day getting his equipment in order.

FRIDAY, 14TH—About eight o'clock we left this camp, taking on an extra supply of dog food, and hiring two more dogs from native Evilak to assist us on the land crossing. Native Evilak accompanied us part of the way, taking some of our load, and left us at noon. He was then at the end of his trap-line, which he intended to follow up to see what luck he had with the foxes. So far this man had done well in that line. The rest of the day passed uneventfully—nothing to look at but the sea ice at our feet or the dogs ahead. This gets rather monotonous after awhile and one longs for a sight of land again since there at least one can wonder what is around the next corner. At this time we were travelling up the center of Admiralty Inlet, where the going was fairly good. About nine o'clock we stopped to make camp, having first located suitable snow for building purposes. This is done by thrusting a harpoon into the snow-banks to see if the snow is of a uniform nature or is laid out in layers of soft snow under a harder surface. The layer or brittle snow is unsuitable for building purposes, the blocks either breaking or melting quickly. Thus the natives have to be careful in their selection of snow when building a house.

It did not take us long to build our house as the temperature was dropping fast and we had to work to keep the heat up. After the usual meal of beans and bannock, we were soon curled up in our sleeping bags, wondering what the next day would bring.

SATURDAY, 15TH—There is little to report on this day. We had hoped to reach native Atteetak's camp in Berlinguette Inlet, but had to make camp ten miles on this side of it owing to poor visibility caused by a black curtain of vapour rising from open water. Here we were close to the swift currents that run continually as the tide rises and falls keeping it from freezing over during the winter months. A number of natives generally collect at this spot to shoot seals. By standing on the edge of the ice they first shoot the seal; as the current carries the dead seal towards them, they harpoon it before it is carried under the ice. In this manner fresh meat is always at hand.

SUNDAY, 16TH—On entering Boggild Bay we came upon native Atteetak's camp early in the day, after plowing for a time through soft snow caused by the condensation of moisture from the water. We had expected four families here, but I was greatly disappointed in finding only native Atteetak with his wife and adopted son. I had hoped to hire another team of dogs to assist me on the land crossing that was the worst part of my journey. The rest of the natives had left the day before on a deer-hunt and were not expected back for some time.

The remainder of the day was spent getting our equipment in order, the native woman mending boots, mitts and other wearing apparel. We had a pleasant evening at this camp, the natives delighting in showing us all their worldly possessions, and a curious collection it certainly was. Included was a small apparatus which the native used to look at slide pictures. I confess I had a go at it myself as it amused me also. This was the chief's most treasured possession.

MONDAY—Off at an early hour, as we hoped to reach the land-crossing by evening. The cold was so intense today we had to keep trotting along by the sleigh most of the time. We passed numerous fox tracks on the ice but no bear tracks.

We reached the land at 8.30 p.m. and found a hard crust of snow covering a softer layer, which made travelling slow, as the komatik would break through at times. We built our snow house near the shore and were soon inside for the night.

TUESDAY, 18TH—Woke up early smelling a very nasty odor of something burning, and found it came from one of the driver's mitts, which had fallen into the seal oil lamp from a drying rack above. This is a usual occurrence when travelling in the north. After a good breakfast of porridge, biscuit and coffee, we started loading up for our trek across land. The land was very low and flat with small lakes dotted here and there. Before pulling out, we left a case of supplies on top of the igloo to be picked up on our return journey. This was the coldest day on our whole trip. The temperature must have been around 50° below. We had to keep our deerskin mitts covering our faces most of the day to thaw out some frozen spot, and for all our caution both the native and I had parts of our faces frozen by evening.

We only made fifteen miles this day. I broke trail ahead of the team while the driver sweated and yelled to those dogs in no gentlemanly manner. We passed large flocks of ptarmigan within a few feet. On a range of high hills we decided to make camp. The native cut out blocks of snow for the house while I unharnessed the dogs, fed them a good sack of meat, unlashed the sleigh, and beat the snow out of our gear. We worked by candle light, in air so still the flame did not flicker. The snow threw off a brilliant reflection.

Part of the evening we spent drying clothes wet with sweat from our walk in heavy furs. On going to our small drum of coal oil to fill our primus stoves, I found it impossible to get the tap to work. We unscrewed the larger cap to get at the oil and even then had to use a piece of wood to get the oil to run out. It had turned into a white, thick soup in the intense cold. We had to heat the spirits with matches before it would ignite.

WEDNESDAY, 19TH, 5 A.M.—Woke up coughing and gasping for breath. I knew something was wrong, but it took me fully a minute to discover the reason. The snow house was full of smoke and the smell of burning wool and hide. By crawling over the driver, I reached the koodlik (Eskimo oil lamp) and pulled forth what had been once a good pair of sheepskin pants. By this time the driver was awake and knocking holes in the snow house with his fist to get some fresh air into the place. It was a relief, for by this time we could scarcely breathe. After the smoke had cleared away, we took stock. What a shock Longalook had when he saw the pants a native had loaned to him for the journey—for a moment I thought he was going to cry, but when we saw each other's black faces, we both laughed. That native learned his lesson at last not to put his clothes directly over the oil lamp.

The snow house looked like a coal mine. We did not take long over breakfast, but lashed up and were soon on our way.

It was gradually becoming lighter each day as we proceeded south. Today we could see the red reflection thrown by the sun. The weather was warmer and we took turns driving and walking ahead of the dogs. Stopping at a small lake, we made dinner and iced the runners of our sleigh. A few hours later we struck the river and found much better travelling. We crossed deer tracks occasionally but could not see any owing to a haze hanging low over the ground. A deer would have come in handy as we were running short of dog food.

FRIDAY, 21ST—Very stormy, snowing heavy, poor visibility—only made a few miles this day. Owing to the many turns in the river, it was very hard to tell when we were on it or off. One of our dogs took sick and died later in the day from what we surmised was a bone lodged in his intestines.

SATURDAY, 22ND—Weather clearing a little, the going was fairly good, with soft snow in places. We were much surprised to see two teams heading towards us, for the natives do not as a rule travel long distances at this early date. They prefer to wait for the longer, warmer days. In a short time we met, the dogs having put in an extra spurt on seeing some of their kind. There was one man with his wife and child on the first komatik, the second contained one man and a boy of about ten years.

They were greatly delighted on seeing us. After the greetings and enquiries as to where they were headed for and from whence they came, we made them a very welcome cup of tea, gave them some tobacco as they had not had a smoke for some months, and we were again on our way, leaving them to continue their journey to Arctic Bay.

Saturday evening we camped on a lake not far from the sea ice. Two more of our dogs are looking sick. We fed them the last of our meat tonight and it will be

necessary to push harder as we still have about fifty miles to go before reaching the next camp.

MONDAY, 23RD—Arrived at Cape Griffith late in the evening after very stormy weather. Here is a large Eskimo camp of about forty natives. Great excitement reigned when we pulled in, the natives falling over each other in their hurry to greet us. Willing hands soon had our dogs out of harness and our load safely stowed away in one of the houses. Instead of the usual skin tents covered with snow blocks, or snow houses, the natives here lived in solidly built stone huts with a piece of tarpaulin on top and a layer of snow blocks covering the outside. The doorways were so very small I had difficulty squeezing through some of them. The interior of the house I had chosen for my short stay was very clean and tidy. New deerskins were laid out on the sleeping bench and everything in good order. Three seal oil lamps were burning brightly, and on one stone bench was a young freshly killed walrus with the hide stripped off. Periodically the natives would step into the house and cut themselves a good slice, devour it with seemingly great relish, give me a few shy looks, and scuttle outside again like rabbits.

All the natives had bad colds, continually coughing and spitting. Fresh meat and dog food was very plentiful, but there had been a shortage of meat during the fall and early part of winter which interfered with their trapping of furs.

After supper I went on an inspection tour of the camp. All the houses were built alike, but some were larger than others and accommodated three or four families.

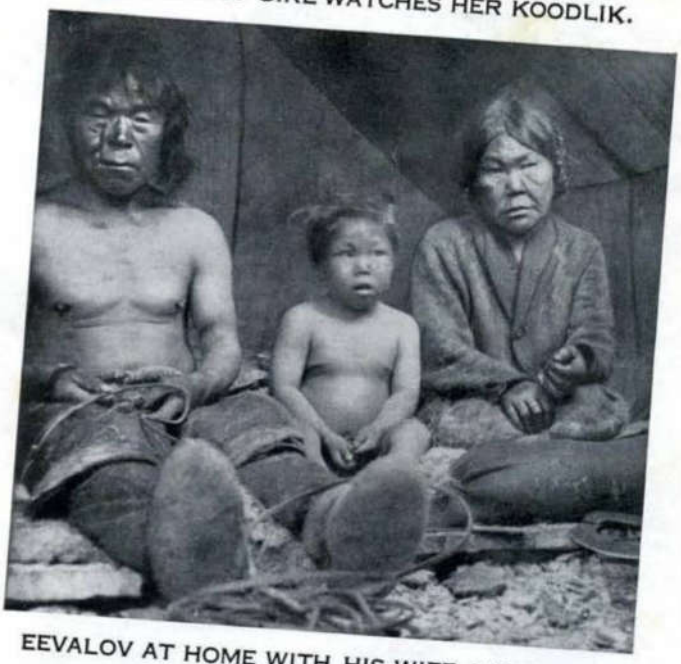
TUESDAY, 24TH—Arose early after a sound and comfortable sleep. All my clothes were dried and mended, thanks to the mistress of the house, who had stayed up attending to our gear. After breakfast I prepared to leave on the last lap of my journey. Instead of taking my own driver and team, I hired another native called Kootchill to take me to Igloolik and back, leaving my own native Longalook to keep the dogs well fed, bag up enough meat, and attend to everything for our return trip to Arctic Bay.

With a fresh team of dogs, we were soon skimming along the ice. After about two hours' travel we met three hunters from a camp twenty miles east of us on their way to the sealing grounds. I learned that everyone was well at their camp, and fresh meat fairly plentiful, thus saving me a journey in that direction. About noon we struck rough going on ice badly broken up and thrown into high pinnacles.

Today I got my first view of the sun. It was well above the horizon, but we felt little warmth though it was a pleasant sight after months of semi-darkness.

We were now well across Fury and Hecla straits, and the going was much better. About 9 p.m. we pulled into Igloolik, the same spot where Sir William Parry wintered in 1821-1823. It looked a barren, rugged island, with jagged rocks jutting out along the coast. At the camp I was greeted by the chief native Etookshakjuak and his wife, better known as the king and queen of Igloolik. He is a man well on in life who has ruled the natives with a firm and wise hand for many years but is now gradually losing his leadership through old age. His spouse, a broad heavily-built woman, had a silver band an inch wide firmly clasped around her head. It was she who did most of the talking during my visit. The chief owns a very large wooden and stone structure solidly blockaded with

AN ESKIMO GIRL WATCHES HER KOODLIK.



EEVALOV AT HOME WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILD.

Beyond the Arctic rim the immortal symbol of Christianity over the dwellings of Igloolik.

snow and with a very large entrance porch built entirely of sheets of fresh water ice about four inches thick. All his meat, furs, and dog harness were kept in this. The living quarters were the largest I have seen in my travels among natives. Most of the space was taken up by three sleeping benches, each capable of accommodating twenty people. Before turning in for the night, I finished the business side of things with the chief and his sons, getting all the information I required on the condition of the natives.

At daybreak we were up, and after breakfast I made a tour of the camp while the men were loading and harnessing the dogs, as I intended to cross the island from here to a bay on the opposite side to the Roman Catholic mission.

In about two hours we were off at a great pace. The chief native, who wished to accompany me as far as the mission, kept well in the lead. At the mission we were met by Father Bazin, who was in charge. His co-missionary was away visiting the natives of outlying camps. Father Bazin was very happy living his life with the natives and had no desire to see the outside world for some years to come. He and I came up together in 1929. I was now the first white visitor to the new mission house.

THURSDAY, 27TH—After a very hearty breakfast provided by the father, I prepared to leave for my return journey, the end of my trail being reached. I was very reluctant to leave the comfort of this house to face the cold winds and biting frost again, but it had to be done. We left about 9 a.m. after bidding farewell to Father Bazin and his native servants. The going for a time was rough over a lot of heavy broken up ice.

Later in the day we pulled into camp at Cape Griffith to find Rev. Mr. Turner, who had met with stormy weather on the land crossing. I was very fortunate in having Mr. Turner coming up behind for, on reaching my cache of coal oil which I had left on the land, he found the drum empty but still standing on top of the snow house where I had left it. I supposed the family I had met on the land had helped themselves to the oil, but as they later denied this the mystery is still unsolved. Mr. Turner left enough oil to carry me to my next cache.

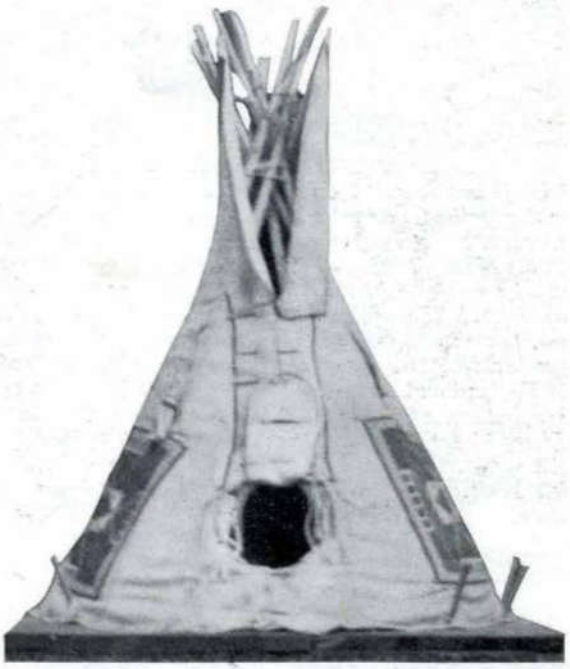
FRIDAY, 28TH—Bidding goodbye to Mr. Turner, who was going on to Repulse Bay on the south coast of Melville Peninsula, and after a handshake with the natives, we pulled out with a fairly heavy load of meat and supplies. We struck a very bad snowstorm with a head wind, so were forced to make camp at mid-day. From then on the weather cleared up and we made good time, catching up with a family of natives who had left two days ahead of us. They were travelling in our direction as far as Admiralty Inlet, so we travelled together, building one large snow house at night to accommodate us all.

We stopped at the same camps as on our way to Igloolik. While going up Admiralty Inlet, my driver took sick. He had had a bad cold since his stay at Cape Griffith. From then on, I took charge of the dogs until we reached native Evilak's camp, where we rested for a day. At this camp we met Father Cochard, of Pond's Inlet, who was on his way to visit the fathers at Igloolik. Owing to lack of food, his dogs were in poor condition and he was staying at this camp for a few days before continuing his journey. (It was Father Cochard who late in the summer became very sick, and was flown out to Chesterfield Hospital from Arctic Bay by Father Schulte.)

On February 7th we arrived back at Arctic Bay. It was a pleasant sight to see the building once again and to find everything in order. Both the driver and myself had bad colds but otherwise were none the worse for the journey of 640 miles.

How to Build a Model Cree Tipi

MARY WEEKES



THIS model Cree tipi was made by Big Darkness for the World's Grain Exhibition in Regina in 1933. It measures thirty-six inches in height and is twenty-six inches in diameter. The covering is of well-tanned (Indian method) caribou skin spread over and around twelve tipi poles of ash, peeled to the heart of the wood. It is decorated with three nine-by-nine inch, and one five-by-five inch, finely beaded medallions of traditional design in harmonious colours. This tipi is an exact reproduction of the conical skin-covered tipis of the early Plains Indian tribes, who used skins—the natural material available in the Plains area—for covering their tipis.

Skin-covered tipis are no longer seen on the prairies. They have vanished with the buffalo. For summer use, present day Indians cover their tipis with white duck. In winter they live in log houses, mostly, chinked with grass and plastered with mud.

In 1862 Trader Norbert Welsh spent two days trading in Chief Poundmaker's tent near the present site of the city of Edmonton, Alberta. He describes the Chief's tent as conical in shape and covered with sixteen well-tanned, and well decorated (with stripes and figures of animals) buffalo hides, sewn together with sinew to form a single large sheet of semicircular shape. It stood on twenty-four pine poles.

Said the old trader, "I will explain how these big tents are set up: I take three poles, put them together, and tie them at one end with shagginappi. I stand these poles up, spreading them out at the bottom. Then I take the other twenty-one poles and poke them in at the top with the first three. To one of these poles I have tied the back of the tent. This pole I place so that the top of the tent fits over the top of the poles. I spread the tent around the poles.

"Now, on a little ladder which I have placed in the centre of the tent, I climb to the top of the poles, and, lapping the buffalo covering over each pole, I fasten it with a wooden peg every two feet. To the outside poles, which form the door, I fasten the tent, leaving an opening—the breadth of the door, about two feet—between the poles.

"The tent is now standing on three poles. Well, I go inside the tent and stretch every pole outward until the tent is taut. When it is properly tight, I take wooden pegs and, at every pole, I drive a peg into the ground to hold the tent firm, and make it windproof. The door of the tent I face east."

A century ago these tipis dotted the western plains. Today the decorative, skin-covered, conical tipis have disappeared forever from the prairies.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In the September* Beaver, *Capt. G. E. Mack wrote of the* Nascopie's *first voyage north in 1912. The following two years, the Company ship* Pelican *shared with the* Nascopie *the supplying of Eastern Arctic posts. Whereas today the* Nascopie *itinerary is considerably longer, in 1913 she did not reach Chesterfield, fearing compass trouble, but landed supplies at Churchill. Mack was on the* Pelican *that year, and reported finding the Chesterfield post had existed on walrus hide most of the winter of 1913-14. They had had no tea since February, and were completely out of trade goods. Mack became Master of the* Nascopie *in April, 1915. It was war time, and the* Pelican *brought out English goods to Montreal, going on to New York to load prussic acid for the return trip. It was August 2 before the* Nascopie *left Montreal with supplies for all posts in Hudson Bay, the Strait, and Ungava. The story of that voyage was told by Maud Watt in the March, 1938,* Beaver. *It was a race against time and ice and fog, with the ship stopping at a post only long enough to land supplies, take on furs, and give news of the war to men who would hear nothing more until the next year's ship. At the end of the trip, Captain Mack returned to England and was appointed to take the* Nascopie *on her first war service to the White Sea. They sailed from Liverpool for Brest on December 22, 1915, to load for Archangel. They carried supplies for twelve months, and left Brest on January 3. Captain Mack continues the story.*

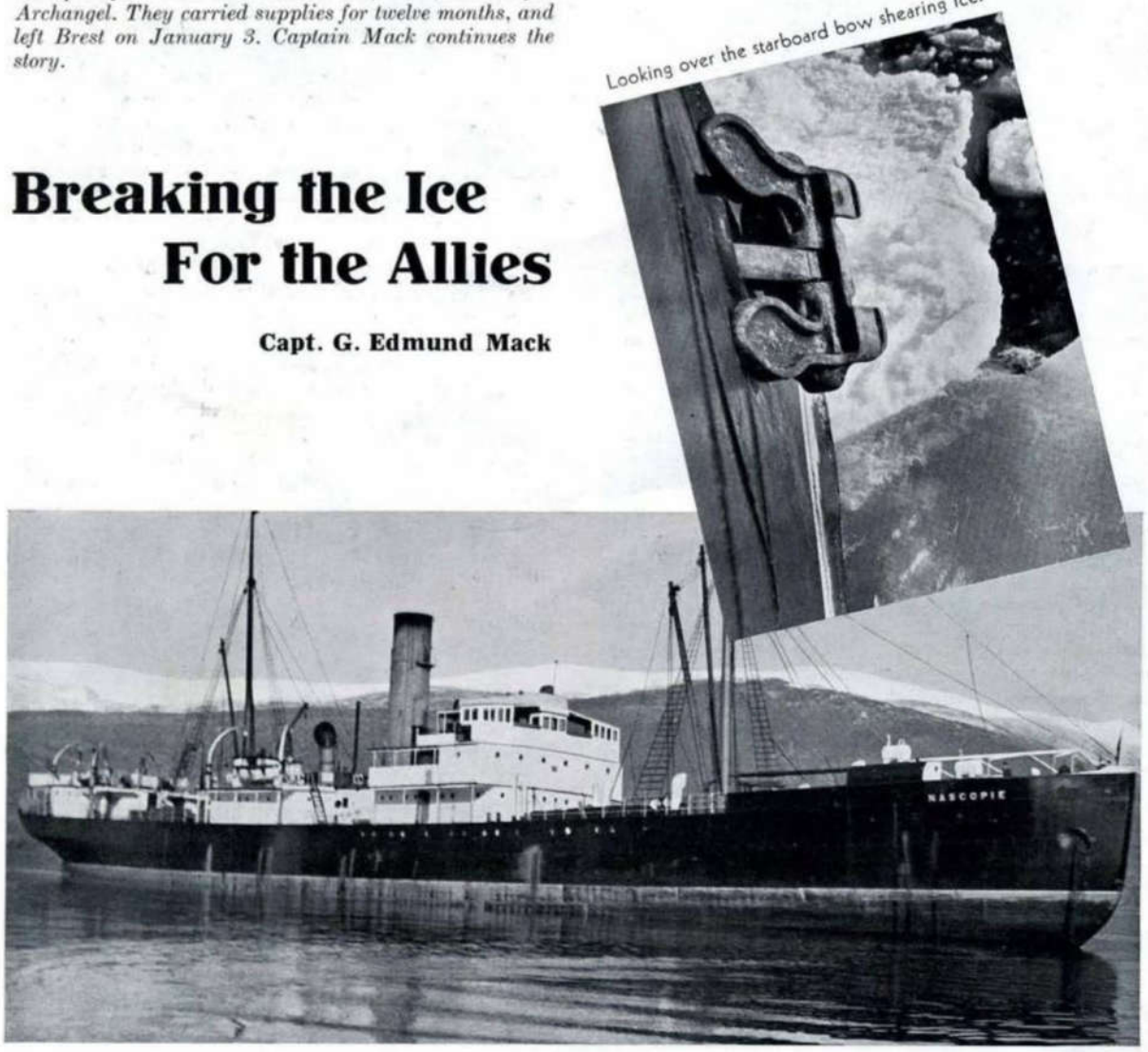
Breaking the Ice For the Allies

Capt. G. Edmund Mack

WE left Brest about two hours before dark, and steamed as hard as we could all that night out into the Atlantic; when we reached a certain longitude we headed north for a point off Iceland. One morning at daybreak an auxiliary cruiser of the Iceland patrol stopped us, and a boat's crew with a lieutenant in charge came on board. The lieutenant said with our barrels on the mast and everything, he thought we were a German raider.

We followed a route that took us to Latitude 73, and when in Longitude 33 E. we came due south for Alexandrosk. We had some rotten weather, and we moved in practically total darkness. It was cold, too, but these things are normal 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle in January. As we neared our destination, it snowed almost continuously, making navigation tricky. Like the Apostle Paul on one of his trips, there was neither sun, moon, nor stars for many days.

The *Nascopie* hung round off Kildin Island for a day in heavy snow, and then made the entrance to Alexandrosk. A Russian patrol boat told us to anchor, which we did in about forty fathoms of water. I had



Looking over the starboard bow shearing ice.

been instructed to report to the Russian authorities for orders, so asked the Russian patrol men to find out where we were supposed to go. We waited a day or two. The *Virginia*, of Savannah, loomed up out of the fog, with aeroplanes on deck and a very bad list. They asked where they were, and I told them in forty fathoms of water just outside the entrance to Alexandrosk Harbour. They let go their anchor from the pipe, and after much rattling and flying out of chain with sparks, the end flew over the bow, and that was that! The next one they lowered down a bit, and eventually hooked on to the bottom. The *Virginia* captain came aboard that evening and told us his ship had been built for the coast trade of the southern States, and was not very suited for the North Cape in January.

Next day the harbour master of Alexandrosk, a man named Ussekoff, came out in a motor boat and said we were to come into the harbour. He would take us in and berth us among the thirty or forty ships anchored there. We hove up, and I suggested we pass ahead of the *Virginia*. He said no—to pass between her stern and the land. He said he had spent the previous summer surveying the harbour. We got under way and were just between the *Virginia* and the shore when we bumped on a rock that Comrade Ussekoff had missed in his survey. However, we slid off, went into the harbour, and moored among the other ships. H.M.S. *Albemarle*, a battleship, was anchored at the harbour entrance. I called on Captain Nugent for advice the next morning as the *Nascopie's* No. 1 ballast tank was making a little water, also No. 1 bilges. Captain Nugent was the British Navy at its best. He sent off divers and diving gear to examine the damage. They found the butt of one plate sticking out a bit, so we discharged cargo and went back to Cardiff for a week of repairs.

Then we took on ammunition loads at Cardiff and Brest. We had loaded and were ready for sea again when a message came from the naval transport officer telling us to wait. After a week, orders arrived for us to go to Milford Haven with a French torpedo boat for escort. There was heavy weather outside. The Frenchman nose-dived and sometimes seemed completely submerged, but she stuck it manfully. She left us about twenty miles from Milford, and the *Nascopie* went in and anchored. A torpedo boat came alongside presently; the officer-in-charge came aboard and said the Vice-Admiral wanted to know "what the little stranger required." All I knew was that we had been told to come here.

Next day I went ashore and saw the Admiral, a nice old gentleman with a beard and a very good wire-haired fox terrier lying on his desk. He told me he had not the faintest idea why the *Nascopie* was there but he would find out. Meanwhile I was not to worry, and when I wanted to come ashore I should pull up the flag for a drifter. Two or three days later at nine o'clock one night the drifter came off to tell us to get up steam, and to take me to see the Admiral. The latter told me I was to go to Belfast. He showed me a chart on which was marked the known positions of enemy submarines at eight o'clock that morning, told me to be careful and keep a good look-out, and wished me luck.

We went up the Irish Sea at a good clip. At Belfast Lough the examination boat stopped us, and told us to anchor while they would inquire what we were to do. About 8.30 that evening a pilot and two tugs came off and we were taken into Belfast. We moored under the stern of the *Glorious*, then nearing completion, and I was told to allow no one ashore and to report to the S.N.O. next morning. He was a captain in the Royal Navy, and he asked me if I had given the *Dublin* her shells. I replied that we had no shells for the *Dublin*, that we were full up with munitions, including lyddite, and when the Admiralty would let us, we would like to get to Russia as soon as possible. Also, that we seemed to be anchored well in the middle of the Harland & Wolfs works, and if the *Nascopie* should blow up there would be quite a mess.

The Captain went into instant action. He rang bells, cursed well and fervently at those who answered the bells, and hustled me into a taxi with a lieutenant. When we got down to the ship two tugs were already there, and I was to take the *Nascopie* outside everything and anchor. A large number of ships were anchored in the Lough. I steamed into the centre of them, where there seemed to be a nice berth, and let go, pretty well surrounded by ships.

There was much discussion as to the cause of the mix-up. If we had left Brest as originally intended, we should have been nearing Alexandrosk now. The Admiralty must have got us muddled with some other ship.

Two more days at anchor, and a destroyer came off and told me to be ready at daylight for them to escort us through the Rathlin Sound to ten miles north of Tory Island. We started next day, but when we got to Rathlin Sound it was blowing a perfect hurricane. We turned back and ran into Red Bay for shelter, a pleasant, out-of-the-way spot. The commander of the destroyer and I went ashore and shot a hare and five of someone's pheasants, and got back aboard without seeing a soul. Next evening we went out, and when we met the full blast of the wind, the destroyer turned back and let us go on our own. It was a rough passage.

We reached Alexandrosk, coaled, and waited for orders. The *Bellaventure*, the *Adventure*, and the *Bonaventure* (Newfoundland sealers) were there, also the *Beothic*. The *Adventure* and *Beothic* were already handed over to the Russians. The crews leaving Newfoundland in the *Bonaventure* and the *Bellaventure* had contracted to deliver the two sealers to the Russian authorities at Alexandrosk. Now they refused to go on to Archangel without extra pay. Comrade Ussekoff did not use much tact in handling the situation. He boarded one of the two sealers, and started to pull down the Red Ensign and pull up the Russian flag. The Newfoundlanders promptly bundled him off the ship. The Russian Admiral Ivanoski then said he would conscript the lot and make them take the ships to Archangel.

The acting British S.N.O. now took a hand. This officer—a Commander, R.N.—spoke to the Newfoundlanders with much feeling. He guaranteed their demands on behalf of the Admiralty. Then he went off to find the Russian Admiral, who was living aboard a Russian Volunteer Fleet ship called the *Czar*, formerly in the trans-Atlantic passenger service. Dinner was in progress when Commander Bernays arrived and demanded from the door of the large saloon the whereabouts of the Admiral. A junior officer bowed, and indicated the presence. Bernays, in duffle coat and muffler, walked to the head of the table and sat down on the Admiral's left. A warm discussion seemed to ensue. Bernays' ire was rising. At one point he leaned over and seized Ivanoski's straggly beard, and said:

"Look here, you can lead Britishers a long way, but I'm damned if you'll ever drive them an inch." This

"Nascopie" loading at Brest, 1916.

was punctuated by several tugs of the beard, which shook the high command's head violently.

Commander Bernays then retired to his own ship, the Great Yarmouth trawler *Bombardier*. He was a great man, and without fear. When mine sweeping he had stripped and gone into ice cold water in the White Sea and cut the glycerine sinker off a German mine because the Admiralty at home wanted a specimen. All his men liked him.

After this incident the *Bonaventure* and *Bellaventure* went on to Archangel. The *Nascopie* also left for the same port.

We met the first ice worth talking about off Svetoi Nos (commonly known as Sweaty Nose). It was like steaming through molasses, but as we got in further it got harder and bigger, and easier to work through. We were lucky from Cape Orloff upwards. Inshore I managed to find some good open leads; these we got into and steamed for all we were worth. Crossing at the foot of the Gourla to Intski Strait from Sosonovet Island, we found some leads, and eventually arrived at the mouth of the Dwina, forty-eight hours after leaving Alexandrosk. Aboard we were very proud, for the *Adventure* on her last trip had taken ten days.

A pilot came aboard, but we had to wait for the Admiral to officially open the river, which had now broken up, although heavy ice would be met with in the Gourla (the entrance to the White Sea) for nearly two months yet. I think we waited three days, when one afternoon the *Canada* (late *Earl Grey*, Canadian Government ice-breaker and Governor-General's yacht) came down the river at full speed, flying every flag possible and belching smoke. She steamed around in circles and whistles blew; then she turned and headed up the river again. Admiral Palivanoff then made a signal, which to all intents and purposes was "I now declare the river open for navigation—all ships may proceed." The *Nascopie* went up and discharged her cargo.

After that we went back to Alexandrosk, and loaded part cargo of munitions from a ship there, and then up the Kola Inlet to Semenova Islands to load the rest from another ship. They were building a railway to this place and making terminals via Kandalaxia to St. Petersburg. First it was known as Semenova, then Romanoff-sur-Murman, and when the Romanoff finished, as Murmansk. A thousand Canadians were working on the railway.

After coaling and loading there, we took the Russian Volunteer Fleet steamer *Mogiloff* with us through the ice. She was a big ship, her master and officers all full of uniform and uselessness as far as we were concerned. We had a trying time getting him through the ice in the Gourla because he wouldn't take chances when they were offered. At last we got through the Gourla, and all was clear, I knew, to the mouth of the Dwina, so I went alongside and said we were going on to Archangel. When we had got about thirty miles away,

the wireless operator came and told me we were badly wanted by the *Mogiloff*.

"Come back to *Mogiloff*," the telegram said.

Back we went and found her stopped. About a half-mile apart were three floes, none of which would have harboured a decent sized bear. Her skipper was prancing the bridge, resplendent in uniform and flowing cape with a dinky little dirk or toy sword. He was suffering from an attack of ice fever. The *Nascopie* went ahead at nine knots and he followed us to the bar.

Again we unloaded and went back to Alexandrosk and Murmansk. We passed the *Iceland*, a new Newfoundland sealer bought by Russia, bound back to Archangel. She had been recalled in the middle of a trip to Murmansk. Before leaving Archangel she had taken on board about 160 odd people to work cargo from the ships at Alexandrosk and Murmansk. On receiving the recall, the captain of the *Iceland* had put these people on the ice and told them to walk to the shore. We picked them up, among them three women and two children who would have had quite a job reaching the land. There was at least a mile or two of open water between the main ice and the shore. They had a few pots, pans and kettles with them, but practically no food, with the exception of the port side of a horse which had been skinned and frozen. Three or four men were pulling it over the ice with a rope. The apparent foreman was a Lett who spoke fair English. We turned on steam heat in the sealers' quarters; the sealers' galley opened up some stores, whacked out, and they were pretty comfortable.

The *Nascopie* arrived in Alexandrosk about 4 a.m. one morning, and I called on Admiral Ivanoski to see what should be done with these people.

He said, "Put them ashore on the rocks." There was no other accommodation. They would be all right; they were only like cattle.

That was all the help I got there. I went back aboard and hove up the anchor and went up to Semenova, where there were at least trees and firewood. I went ashore and saw Tulski, the harbour master, a genial, human soul. He received the workers with open arms, and they were housed in some railway box cars. They took the horse with them to have something to start on when they got ashore. By this time the horse was not so frozen as when we met him, but more gamey and high. I got the steward to fix up a parcel of tea and sugar and coffee and condensed milk for the women before they went ashore.

Fresh meat was at a premium, but tactful handling of Tulski would produce reindeer at times. Then a large shipment of beef from America arrived and was stowed ashore at Murmansk in built up earth mounds, guarded by a sentry. This meat had to be procured by stealth at night. The correct procedure was to distract the sentry while a couple of men got a quarter of beef and went to the ship with the meat.

Waste was rampant at Murmansk through lack of organization. On the main part of the pier was a shipload of railway iron, just flung over the side. Eight or nine large motor cars had been left where they were landed out of the ship, and were now rusted and ruined. No one was in control and no one seemed to care.

On one trip from Archangel to Murmansk the *Nascopie* came up to the French auxiliary cruiser *Champagne* being helped through the ice by the *Iceland*. We passed on, and then a wireless came from the captain of the *Champagne*. Would we help him to get through? The *Iceland* didn't seem to be able to handle the job. We went back and spent about four or five hours cutting out the *Champagne*. The Bergen route to Newcastle being closed on account of submarines, the *Champagne* had on board M. Viviani, Premier of France, and Albert Thomas, the French Minister of Munitions. Both men, bundled in coon coats, were interested spectators of the cutting-out operations. The *Nascopie* was in fine trim, being just more than two-thirds loaded with timber for Murmansk or Alexandrosk, and she handled well. We would come up at full speed alongside the *Champagne* within a few feet of her sides. We were lucky and never touched her. During this time the *Iceland* was laying off the starboard bow of the *Champagne* at right angles to her, about a half-mile off. When we had loosened the *Champagne*, I worked ahead of her, cleared a way, and went on when all seemed all right. I blew for the *Champagne* to come ahead, which she started to do. This seemed to wake the *Iceland* up; she went ahead and pushed a large floe right before the *Champagne* and jammed her in again. All this work for nothing! There are times when the heart is too full for words. The *Iceland* then took a hand in the game, but didn't have much success. She was light, longer than the *Nascopie*, and with about the same power, but the Russian lieutenant in charge didn't know anything about ice-breakers. The *Nascopie* lay and watched manoeuvres until I thought we had better leave the *Iceland* to her own job. We got under way, only to have a wireless from the *Champagne* to go back to her. I went aboard the cruiser and saw the captain, to whom I explained I was quite willing to try and get them to open water, but it was better that the *Iceland* leave us alone to do it.

Who was to explain this to the Russian officer? M. Viviani undertook to do this. The Russian lieutenant came aboard and there was a painful interview. I remember feeling horribly untidy in a rather worn seal-skin coat that was made at Lake Harbour in Baffinland and given me by Bishop Fleming. My riding breeches were soiled and the seal-skin boots had an aroma distinctly their own. The Russian was a superior person, neatly dressed in uniform, with polished boots, and the usual dinky little sword and flowing cape over the lot. He glared at me and puffed and strutted. After much argument in French, the *Nascopie* was to have a try.

Without going into detail, in about thirty hours we had the *Champagne* in open water and through the ice. The captain of the *Champagne* followed us like a lion. I am afraid the *Champagne* leaked considerably forward on arrival at Brest, but there was no serious damage done. Before we parted, the *Champagne* captain thanked us formally—I was a filthy sight, sooty and unshaven from having been in the barrel most of the time. Later, in Brest, we saw our pictures in *L'Illustration*, and were rather conceited.

The timber was discharged at Murmansk and the *Nascopie* went back to Archangel. There was still ice in the Gourla, and we took another ship behind us. Time was drawing on and it was necessary to think about the Bay trip. After many cables it was decided that the *Nascopie* should take a load of flax to Brest, then go to Cardiff, and then to St. John's and Montreal for the Bay trip.

We duly loaded the flax. Before sailing, the British consul asked if I would take a woman and her small child to St. John's, where her home was. Her husband had come across as wireless operator in the *Canada*. I

promised, provided he gave me a letter and the necessary permit to carry a woman aboard in war time. This he did, and Mrs. Sinnott and her little boy came aboard.

Brest was reached without incident. Then delays started; we were to discharge our cargo into another ship, and that hadn't arrived. We waited ten days for it. Across to Cardiff, and held up waiting for a dry-dock.

We eventually left for St. John's early in July. It blew hard the whole way across with heavy seas, and the *Nascopie* did some tall rolling. About four days from Newfoundland we ran into thick weather. One evening the chief steward came up and said Mrs. Sinnott wanted to speak to me. Down I went; she was not at all well, and must be got into St. John's as soon as possible. I went to Mr. Ledingham and they started to shake things up in the engine room. It was a horribly anxious forty-eight hours in thick fog. By a special dispensation of Providence, we made Cape Spear about two one morning. We couldn't hear the Fort Amherst fog horn but took a chance and went in. When we got abreast of the lighthouse in the Narrows, the horn was roaring like a bull, and it was clear in the harbour. We anchored, and Mrs. Sinnott was landed, driven home in a cab and a doctor called. A few hours afterwards, the Sinnott's had a fine boy, who must be about twenty-two by now.

Two days in St. John's we loaded goods for the northern posts, and signed on some extra crew. It was good to be in Newfoundland again after the winter in Russia. All our old friends came down to see us, and were anxious for news of the other sealing ships up there handled by the Russians. We took on board a few passengers and left for Montreal. There cargo was worked pretty well night and day—a very heavy load, and a tremendously large and awkward deck cargo, and lots of passengers.

We left Montreal August 11, very late to do the whole Bay and Straits posts. A fairly good trip to Port Burwell, where as usual we met the boats from Fort Chimo. Then on to Lake Harbour, Stupart's Bay, Cape Dorset and Wolstenholme. At the posts all was well; they were pleased to see us and mighty glad, I expect, when we left. Our gun aft was quite a centre of interest to the Eskimo. What its range was, according to Michael Foley, the senior gunner, I do not know, but it was considerable and varied, according to the nature of the audience. Until after this voyage the gun was a three-pounder Hotchkiss, made in the reign of Victoria the Good and marked V.R. 1857, possibly to help quell the Indian Mutiny. For noise, it was nearly equal to a six-inch.

On arrival at Wolstenholme, they reported a ship had been seen on fire from the cliffs on the Bay side, about three days before our arrival. I spent a day cruising with the *Nascopie* around Digges Island, and between Digges and the mainland, to see if any signs could be seen of survivors, but nothing was found. Later, I believe Lofty Stewart told me he had found the bones and clothing of some men and a boat on Coats Island.

We arrived and found the *Fort York* at Churchill awaiting us, and cursing us for being late. The *Fort York* was immediately loaded for York Factory, where they were getting short of supplies, and we started to boat cargo ashore. Then it started to blow hard from the north-east and for a week not a pound of cargo could be landed. Eventually we left Churchill for Chesterfield. There we put the R.N.W.M.P. motor boat *Lady Borden* over the side. It blew hard for two days and very little work could be done. The last day we were in Chesterfield the glass was going down and the sky looked very bad. We strained everything to finish cargo that day, and it was done. All was ready for departure at dawn, but in the night one of the worst south-easterly gales I have seen in Hudson Bay came on with rain and sleet, and it was with great difficulty the *Nascopie* hung to her anchors. At daylight we could see the coast boat in which Herbert Hall was to sail to Baker Lake to establish a post had been blown high and dry on to some boulders. To Hall's great credit he got her off and repaired and sailed her the two hundred miles up to Baker Lake and established a post that fall, hauling the main goods over the ice, when she had frozen in, by dog and komatik.

The *Lady Borden* was dragging her anchor, and as we knew there was a crew aboard we blew the whistle and siren and fired detonators. When it seemed she must go onto the rocks, a native appeared on her deck, saw what was happening, woke the others, and eventually the engine started and the *Borden* was safe. Just after six o'clock, we got a sight of Fairway Island, hove up and went out. As soon as we cleared the Point and were gathering good headway, the *Nascopie* struck her nose into a beast of a sea, which shook the deck cargo up. Around Promise Island, and northwards to the mouth of the Inlet, the sea was breaking like a veritable hell hole. It then came on thick with sleet, but by luck we got a glimpse of Fairway again, and went about seventy miles out and hove to and rode it out or, as Tom Doyle said, "put her head under her wing."

When things eased a bit the *Nascopie* headed for York Roads and anchored there. We had nearly 700 tons to land, and the weather was getting bad. We got the Mooswa engines running to help the *Fort York* take cargo in. After one load was delivered, a heavy storm blew up which wrecked the Mooswa.

Before I left York Factory, I had to do some hard thinking. It was nearly the first of October, we still had Charlton Island and Fort Chimo to supply; owing to the bad weather, more coal had been used than usual; and there was every chance we should meet the Foxe Channel ice at the western entrance to Hudson Strait. I didn't want to take any chances, so in case we should have to winter in the ship, we took York Factory's spare winter clothing. Before we left York Roads, I sent a wireless via Port Nelson to the London Board, telling them what the position was, and that if we couldn't get out I was pretty sure ship and crew would be safe anyway. Wireless in those days wasn't what it is now.

Going down James Bay to Charlton, I had to anchor many times on account of heavy snow. We arrived at Charlton October 10th. They were just giving the ship up and had made preparations to go to Moose Factory for the winter. We loaded the *Inenew* before going alongside the wharf, putting the Moose Factory supplies into her. We worked well into every night and in five days had finished. It blew hard and either rained or snowed every day. The *Inenew* returned; she had been unable to make Moose Factory. Before leaving Charlton, we took on board seventy-five tons of bunker coal stored there in case of emergency. We left the afternoon of October 15th or 16th, and had to anchor that night off False Charlton. One night just before midnight, the engines stopped, and they phoned up to

the bridge that it would be some time, and could we anchor. This we did, in about twenty fathoms, north of the North Twin Island. Mr. Ledingham asked if I thought we could take her back to Charlton "on one leg." This gave my nervous system a shock. One of the main bottom ends had run hot and melted out, and he was not sure if they had a spare. Eventually a spare one was discovered, and after seven or eight hours we were under way again.

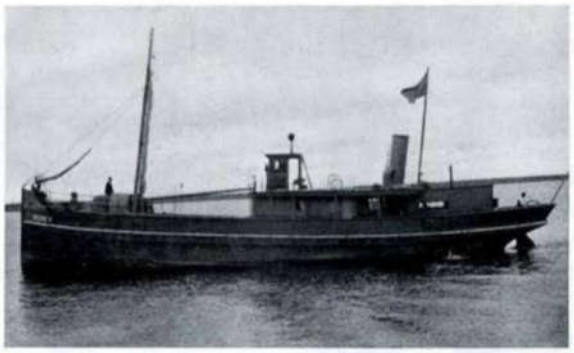
Our luck held. The Foxe Channel ice was down but not badly, and we got into Wolstenholme. The shore ice was already making in Wolstenholme Bay. We had quite a job getting boats to and from the ship. Winter was setting in.

We crossed to Lake Harbour. Navolia was at the Beacon, and as usual we took him and his family, dogs and boat aboard and went up to the post. When we were ready to leave Lake Harbour, it snowed for two days and held us up. Next morning we left. Baffinland was alone again till next ship-time. We had no sooner got clear of High Bluff Island when it snowed again. We caught a glimpse of the cliffs on the eastern side of Akpatok Island, and eventually made the mouth of the Koksoak River and anchored off the West Beacon. I now began to be worried in case Partridge, the pilot, should have left for the post, but at last he turned up in a small boat covered with ice. As we rounded Whale Head and came into sight of the post, we blew the siren. The whole settlement seemed to burst into life and go mad. I could even hear the Eskimo shouting *Omiaksuak*, as I stood on the bridge. They fired guns, and clambered around boats to launch into the water. We had arrived, even if late.

Ice was coming down the river in small pans, but nothing to affect the *Nascopie* at her moorings. Post Manager Watt and Dr. Davies came off, full of excitement and pleasure at our arrival. We had a great reception on the wharf. All Ungava seemed to be assembled there. We worked cargo night and day when the tides would allow. It was difficult and hazardous with the ice running, but it was managed somehow, and we got some good, cold soakings through stepping into the water through the ice. The afternoon we left, the tide served at a very bad time, and I considered putting off sailing till the next morning, but didn't dare waste a day. The *Nascopie* gave and was given a very noisy send-off. The sides of the river were all ice, and we had difficulty seeing the height of the water. We touched lightly, crossing the Whale Head Bar, but only a rumble, and then went down and anchored about half way down the river till daylight. Next morning we hove up and cleared the river.

We had a good run to abreast of Burwell, struck Grays Straits at the right time of the tide, and shot out into the Atlantic and down to St. John's. Outfit 246 had been delivered in the Bay.

THE "INENEW"



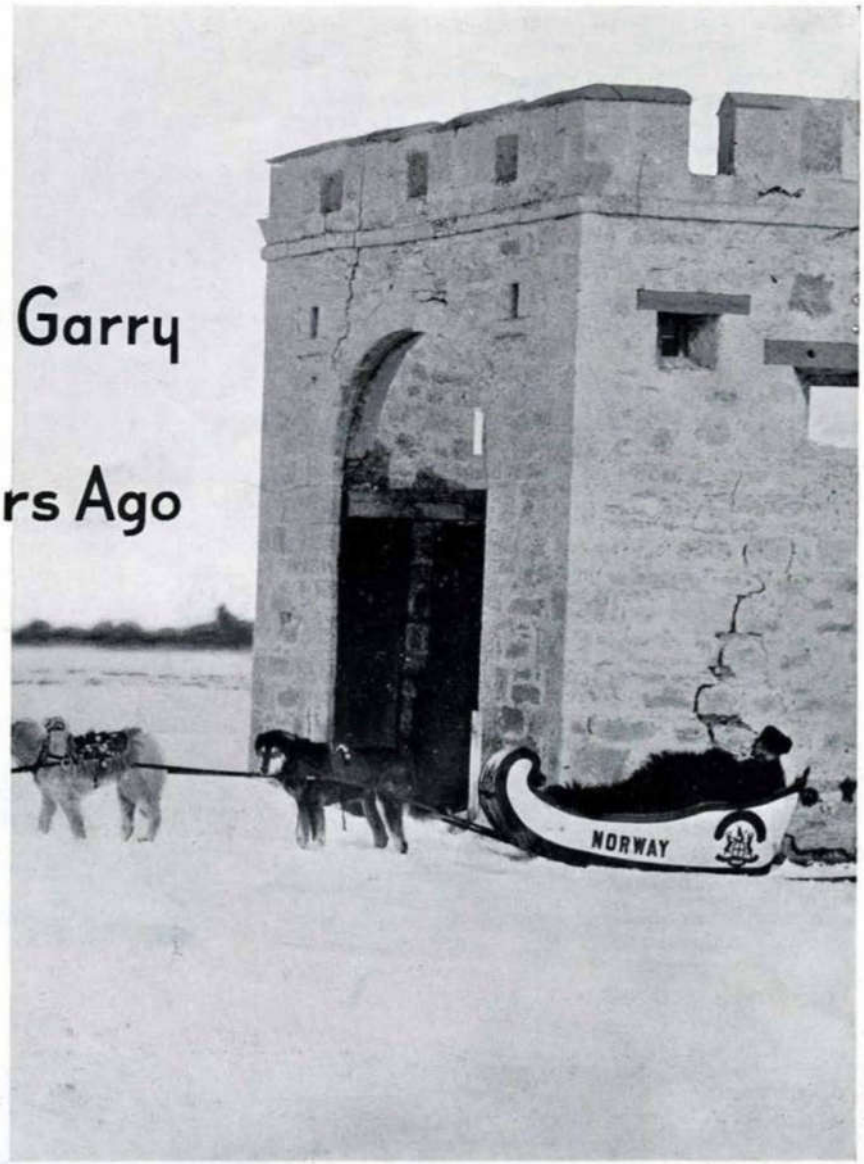
YORK FACTORY

In Old Fort Garry

Ninety Years Ago

DOUGLAS MACKAY

A broadcast of December 18, 1937, reproduced by courtesy of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.



Norway House packet arriving at Fort Garry.

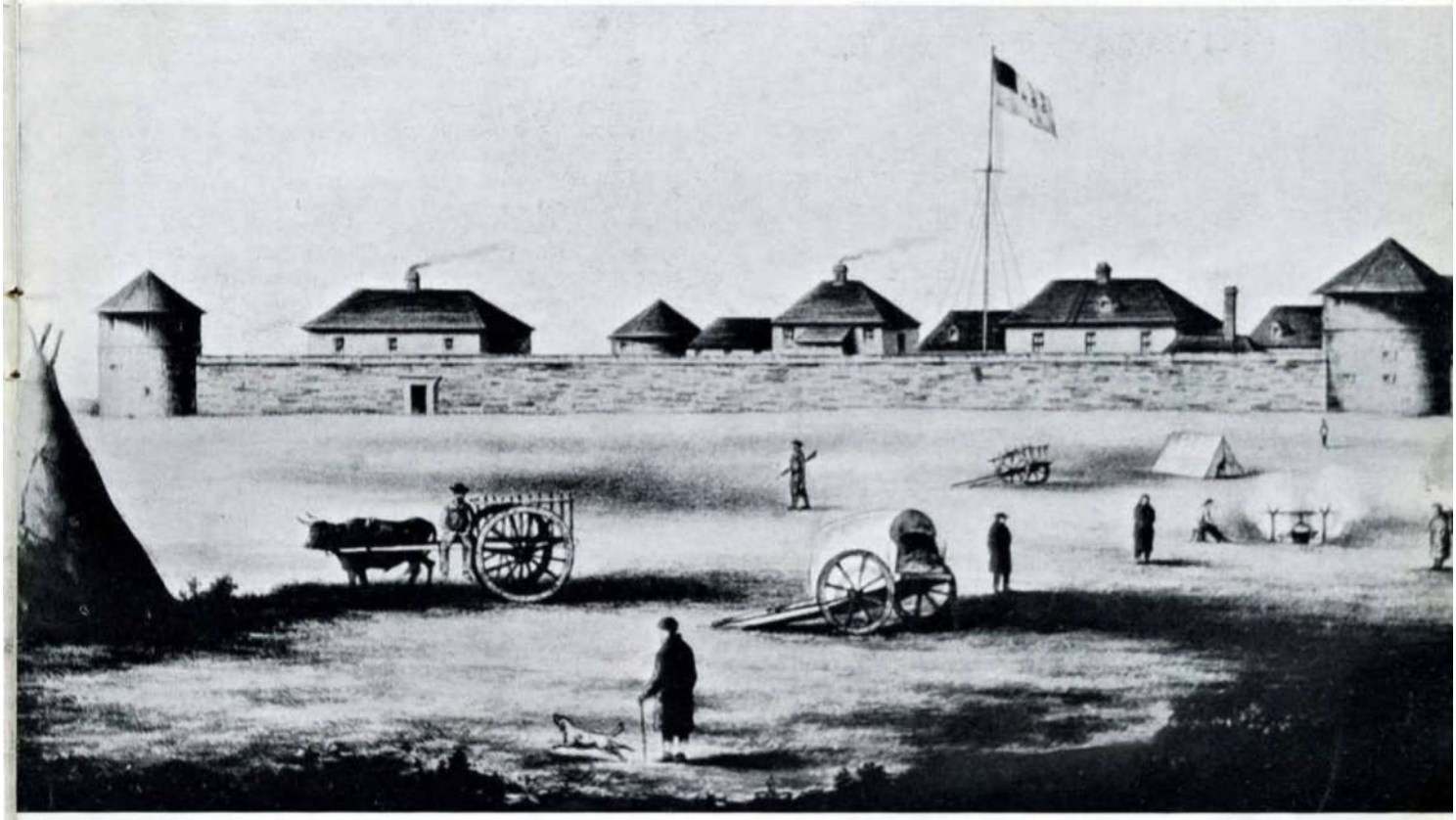
NINETY years ago this December night when the stars looked down upon the western plains and the silent northern forests of our country, only occasional pin points of light flickered through the frosty air. These were the lights of the fur trade forts. Pathetically few, it seemed as though their faint glimmer could have been puffed out on the first breath of a gale from the high north. But unseen bonds linked these log forts, and their sparse lights bounded the mighty, old, fur trade empire.

The bearded, quiet men who sat by yellow candle light in these lonely places were not aware of any imperial purpose in their lives. As they wrote their daily journals and kept in spidery script their meticulous accounts, they did not think of themselves as men who were carrying out the peaceful conquest of half a continent. They were fur traders, with a disciplined allegiance to a company. They were not conquerors in a weaponed, military sense; yet the lives they led as part of a great, orderly business made their bloodless occupation of a wilderness one of the unique stories of imperial expansion. Unique, because there was no burning of native villages, no punitive expeditions against primitive people, no flag planting over captured cities. It was a strange departure from the usual accompaniment of empire building.

The men whose lights pierced the winter darkness may have been patriots, but they had a deeper and profounder loyalty, and that was to their Company and to its Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land.

If you had looked, on that December night of ninety years ago, for this Council, it could not be found. For it consisted of the Commissioned Officers of the fur

trade, who were also known as the wintering partners because they spent their winters in the north and west on active service. Only in spring they met at Norway House or Fort Garry to make the rules and regulations to govern their empire. Years later, when their fur trade empire gave way to the machinery of modern government, the lawyers were astounded and baffled to find that there were no statutes, no sealed documents, no precedents. Where, in fact, had this strange body, the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land, found its authority? No one seemed to know precisely, but there was one unanswerable fact. It had governed; it had administered British justice; and it had kept the peace in vast wilderness territory on a scale which offered no parallel in history. And



"Fort Garry, the fur trade capital of the interior, stone walled and bastioned; more a symbol than a fortress."

while the government of the United States was pouring regiments and brigades of cavalry into its western country in savage wars with Indians, there was peace north of the border where a few score men held the respect of the native people. No one seemed to think it unusual, but when the history of the relations between white men and dark-skinned natives is written, the startling differences north and south of the international boundary will be a very conspicuous chapter.

Where was the pomp and circumstance? Where were the power and glory, the symbols of the Crown, the dignity of the bench? Where was the Capital? On the December night of nine decades ago there might have been a few more lights on the eastern edge of the Canadian plains. It was Fort Garry, the fur trade capital of the interior, stone walled and bastioned; more a symbol than a fortress, and for all its frontier crudities, a very haven of luxury to the Company's men from the interior. In a world of lakes and forests and mountains and illimitable sky, it was a comforting reminder of the ultimate victory of man over the elements. On the rich lands of the Red River valley, Fort Garry squatted with considerable dignity. Spring came with its startling suddenness and walls were literally washed with the mud for which pioneer Winnipeg was later notorious. Summer hurried by, generous to growth and profligate with mosquitoes and grasshoppers. Autumn bathed the stone walls gloriously in an interlude of still sunshine which gave the illusion of lasting forever. Then winter gripped the fort and bitter winds drifted the snow up to its walls and buried the few small cannon for month after month.

Tonight, ninety years ago, the motionless air holds a still, deep frost, and the smoke from Fort Garry's buildings feathers straight up into the darkness. Outside and inside the walls, the people of the Red River colony hold close to their fires. The creak and crunch of footsteps on the dry snow are the only sounds. The sentry is walking his beat. It is strange to have soldiers within the walls, but there is a rankling sore between Britain and the United States over the Oregon boun-

dary, and while boundaries are in dispute Imperial England sends redcoats to the frontier. So for twenty-four months five hundred men of the 6th Royal Regiment of Foot grumbled at the heat and cold and sailed away via Hudson Bay to other frontiers.

Tonight they are all in barracks. The light from the orderly rows of buildings pours out in yellow blanket patches on the snow, but the warehouses lie in darkness. In these are leather sacks of pemmican, bales of beaver, mink and marten; bundles of drygoods, barrels of wet goods, cases of muskets, kegs of powder and shot, copper kettles and bags of beads, hogsheads of molasses and tobacco—all the incredible tonnage of merchandise which has been hauled by arm and leg muscles of voyageurs up from the coast of Hudson Bay in the summer to be distributed to the far off posts when summer comes again. The furs for Europe to be sold at auction in London next year. It is a strange business, originating in the depths of the forest in primitive barter with savages, and ending in the luxury markets of the continent. Far off wars, pestilence and famine have not deterred its continued prosperity.

In one of the fort buildings there is youthful shouting and music. It is Bachelor's Hall where the apprentices of the fur trade are celebrating some occasion. In a mess room disordered but somehow comfortably masculine, these young chief factors and governors of the future spend this winter night. On the walls are sporting prints of the day—a foam-laced horse with incredibly thin legs dashes across a finishing line with a gentleman rider waving his whip. In another print a florid gentleman in a top hat gazes sadly out and leans on a flintlock with some brilliant and very dead pheasants drooping graceefully from one hand. Old and battered copies of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Edinburgh Review* are strewn about and the one bookshelf has the best of Walter Scott. On the other walls of the mess room hang guns, game bags rich with Indian beading, powder-horns and shot-bags brilliantly embroidered in dyed quills. There are songs as one youngster fiddles. Men tell tall tales of buffalo hunting and reminisce of the home land. Odd people are found in Bachelor's Hall for it is the tarrying place of transient visitors to the fort. Strange old men appear there—old servants of the Company who, after a lifetime in the interior, finally "come out" on their way home across the seas. Often they appear uncomfortable and formal in clothes from the London vogue of forty years earlier—shabby fashion plates of eighteenth century England. But it does not matter. Things are casually informal in the fur trade, and the moccasined dignitaries of the wilderness do not hold much with the male fashions of Dickensian London.

Still, in the Governor's House tonight there are amenities of life and some formality. The Governor of the Red River colony is host to the colonel and officers of Her Majesty's Sixth Regiment of Foot. Candelabra glow, and silver is profuse on the table. The vast dinner of buffalo steak and game has been consumed. The port is going round. The health of Her Majesty has been drunk, and clouds of cigar smoke roll up to the low ceiling. The colonel sits on the Governor's right, and the conversation rumbles on. How can Britain prosper with the Whigs in power? And these Corn Laws, sir, by Heaven! And this money being put into railroads in Lower Canada. Fantastic, sir. These Americans will press us too hard in the Oregon and we'll fight. It's said that the Fenians are agitating it all. And the Honourable Company. May it flourish in all its branches. As for this godforsaken Rupert's Land, may it remain the kingdom of the fur trade. Ah yes, this talk of farming is all very well, but you fur traders have tried it. Perhaps a few acres here and there on the alluvial river banks. But that's all. Your wheat ripens too late and is frozen, and when it survives the floods, the grasshoppers take it. Fourteen years ago you tried sheep. And if you could produce where could you sell? I tell you, gentlemen, this is a fur trade country. Her Majesty's Government will be well advised to keep the settlers out.

Certainly as the officers of the Sixth Foot puff their cigars and glance at the crusted frost, inch deep on the mess room windows, they concur. This is a land for the buffalo hunter, the native trapper, and the fur trader. Of course, the duck shooting is good, but these winters can never sustain a population. We'll fight for it if we must, for the sake of British shareholders in the fur trade, but let's have no nonsense about people living through these winters for the sake of any farming profits in the pest-ridden summer.

With a harsh scraping of chairs and a jingle of accoutrements the dinner is over. Heavily muffled, the guests stamp out into the night, and the white steam of their breathing follows them as a nervous mist while they trudge to their quarters, heads down against the cold. Secured by good food and a profound knowledge of the rightness of things as they are, they sleep well.

But the Governor of Red River remains by the embers of his fireplace. He has known Vancouver's Island in May when it made the heart sing. He has stood in the deep, silent valleys of the Rockies, stricken dumb with the majesty of the peaks. He has lived on the banks of Mackenzie's River, and watched the waters from glaciers unknown to man pour into the Arctic sea. He knows, too, that men who live in these places love them and leave them with regret. The Governor of Red River has ridden across the plains in autumn days so serene and free that for a few hours he could doubt the existence of vice and slavery in far off great cities. These things and more he knows. This land is too rich, too great to be kept from men who would plough and sow and reap. A people would come who would cease to be exiles from their father's land. The end of the fur empire is in sight.

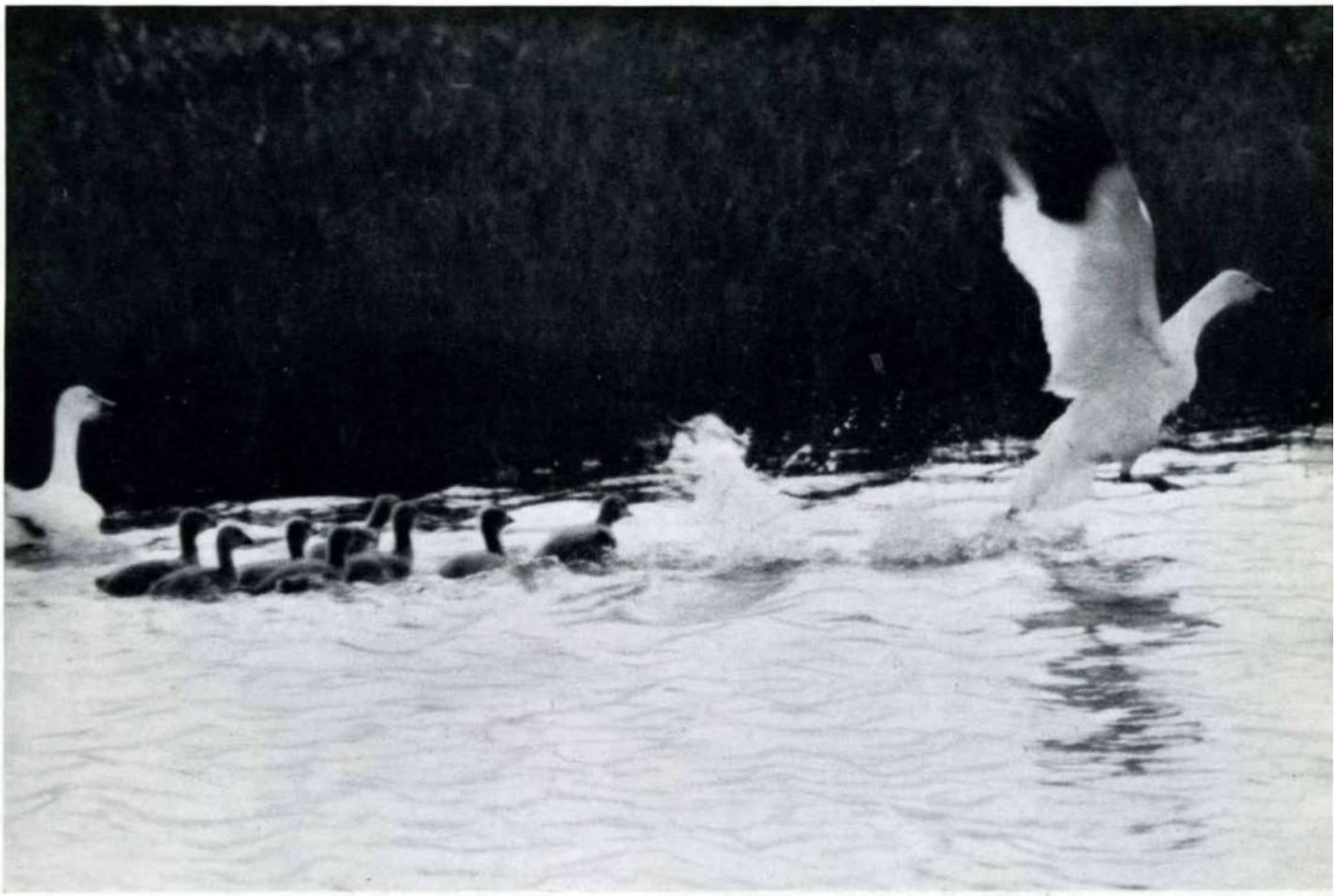
Within another generation the change must come. Not violently, but in the orderly, constitutional British manner. A few may be made uncomfortable, but multitudes must benefit.

So it was that, in the winter night of ninety years ago, men who knew the country and loved it—Canadians, if any men ever earned the name—were thinking of the morrow. Deeply rooted in iron loyalty to the fur trade service, in the secret places of their hearts they knew that time was dealing the cards against the royal monopoly.

In the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land, these veterans of the fur trade whose years in the wilderness had never tarnished a poise and inherent dignity, these wintering partners prepared themselves to see their power pass away. Even Fort Garry, now sleeping in the December darkness, was to yield twenty-three years later, not to siege by men and guns, but to the hands of wreckers who wanted to straighten out a street in the muddy, graceless pioneering city of Winnipeg.

by Lorene Squire

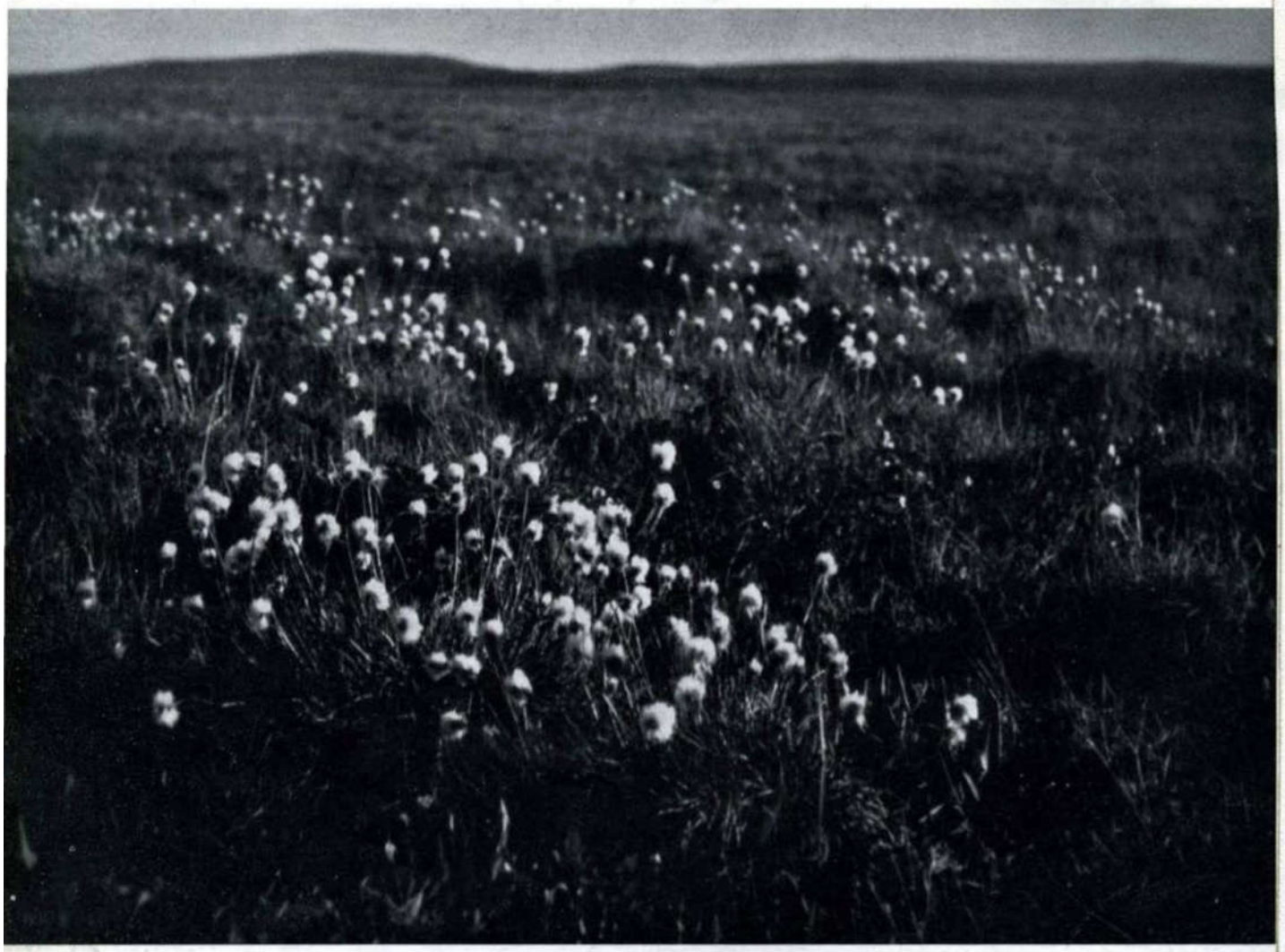
A SUMMER IN THE ARCTIC



Lesser Snow Geese around Richard's Island in the Mackenzie River delta.

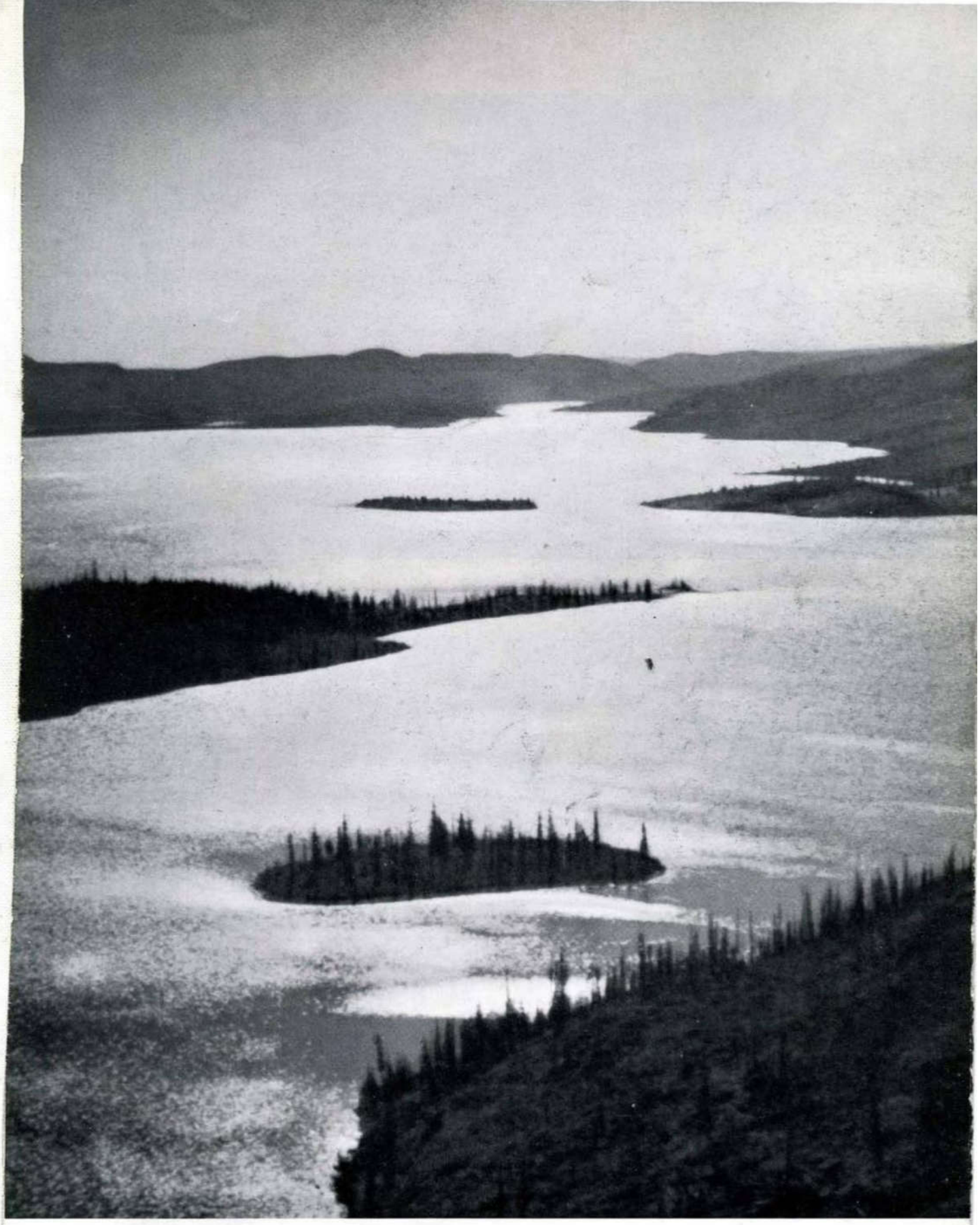
Yellowknife on the shore of Great Slave Lake—a gold boom town where aeroplanes arrive and depart regularly. Note the canoe on the pontoon.

Hudson's Bay Company's "Distributor" at Aklavik attended by Eskimo schooners.

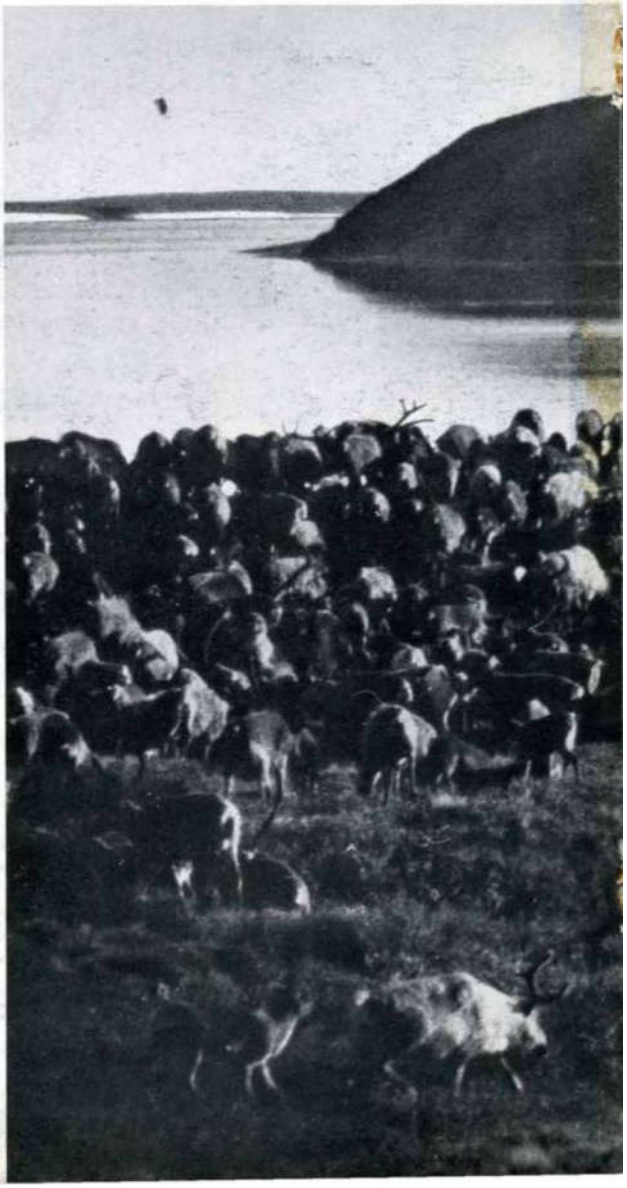


All the cotton does not grow down south
—Arctic cotton by the Arctic Ocean.

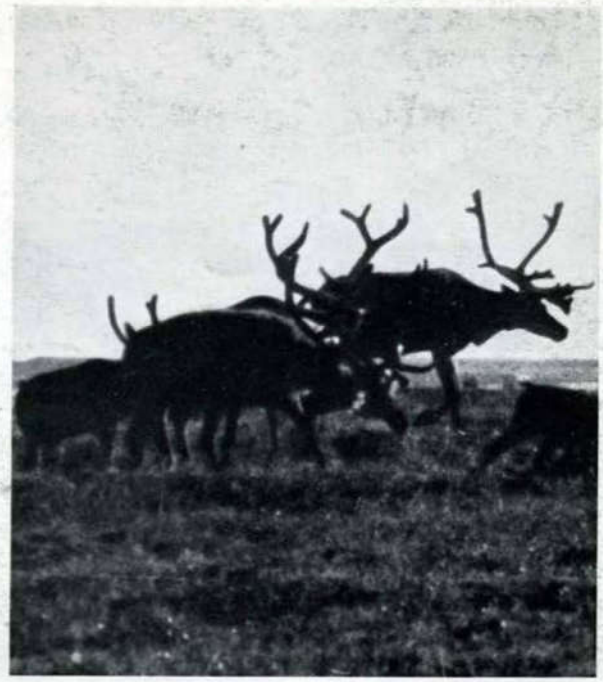
Great Bear Lake—pitchblende, silver,
copper—the prospector's mecca.



The Dominion Government station at Caribou Hills on Mackenzie delta.

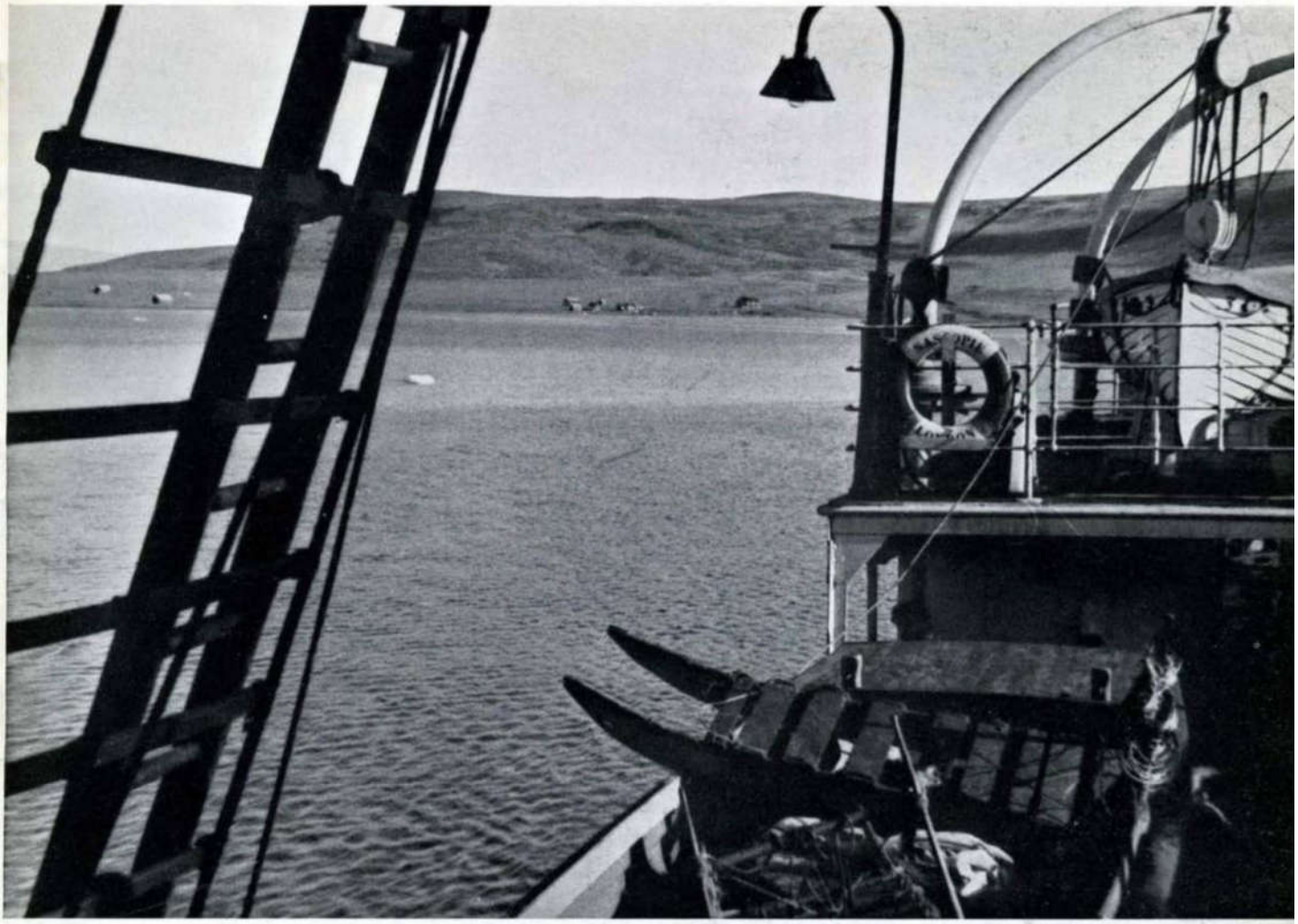


The reindeer brought from Alaska as an experiment are showing a healthy increase.

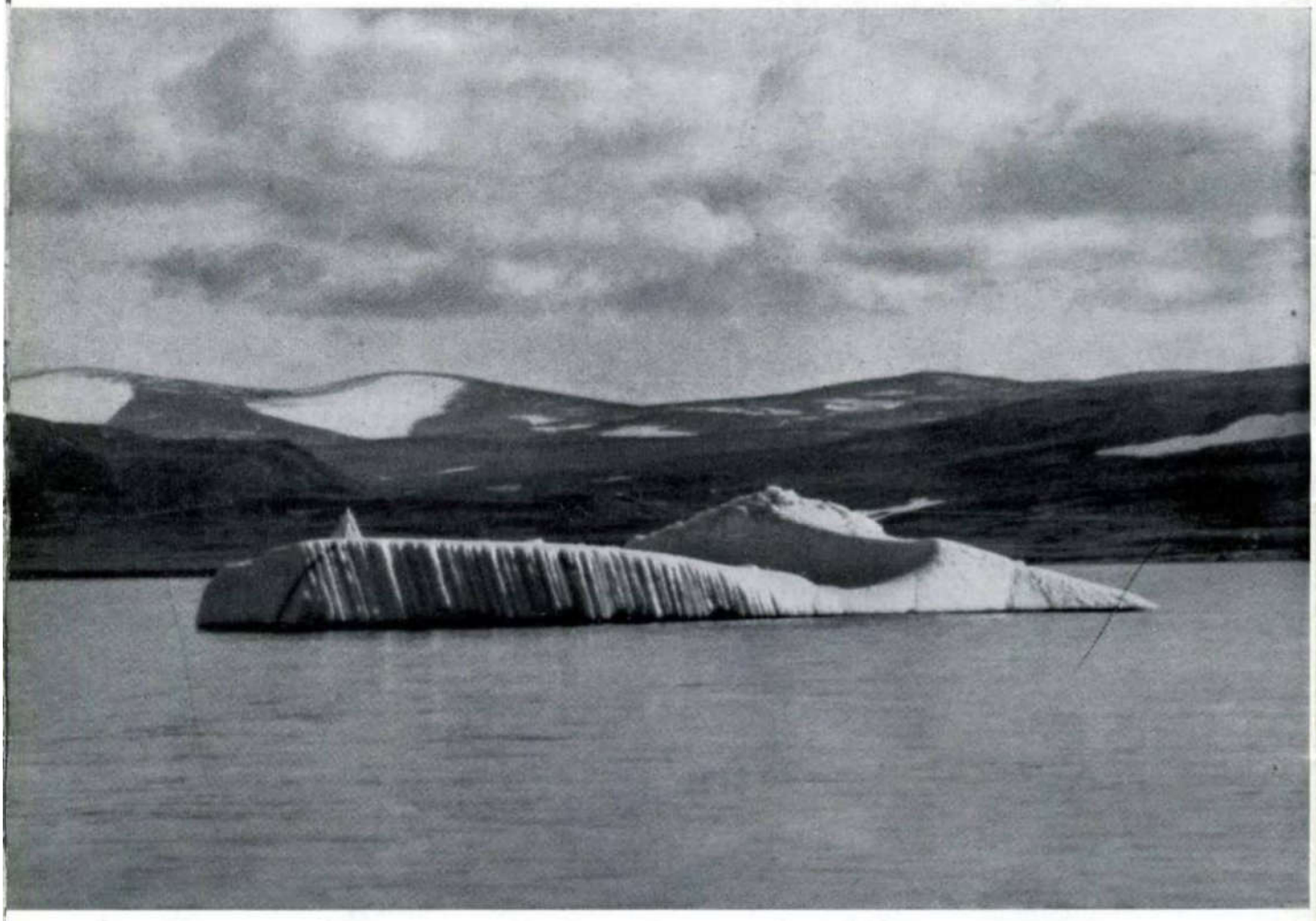


Reindeer—Miss Squire prefers ducks.

Post Manager and Mrs. A. R. Scott, of Arctic Bay, farthest north post. Their marriage on the "Nascopie" was probably a northern record, but it was all done very much in the traditional manner.



Thule, in Greenland, a new port of call for the "Nascopie."



Off the coast of Greenland.

A Letter from John Palliser

H. S. PATTERSON

Capt. John Palliser was sent out by the British Government in 1857 to explore the Canadian west and advise if a railway across Canada would be practical. After his expedition, he advised against a railway, though he lived to see the completion of the Canadian Pacific. These letters on his journey between Fort William and Red River, and Red River and Pembina, describe some of the trials which led him to conclude that a railway was impractical if not impossible.

After the trip outlined in his first letter, Palliser reported as follows: "As a line of communication with the Red River and the Saskatchewan prairies, the canoe route from Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, even if made first and greatly improved by a large outlay of capital, would, I consider, be always too arduous and expensive a route for transport for emigrants, I therefore cannot recommend the Imperial Government to countenance or lend support to any scheme for constructing, or, it may be said, forcing a thoroughfare by this line of route either by land or water, as there would be no immediate advantage commensurate with the required sacrifice of capital; nor can I advise such heavy expenditure as would necessarily attend the construction of any exclusively British line road between Canada and the Red River Settlement."

The country Palliser found so difficult in 1857 is still almost virgin. The Lake of the Woods with its thousands of nearly identical islands is the principal water route. Hundreds of small rockbound lakes and marshes and rapid rivers cut up the land so that railroads and highways still have their problems. Canoe travellers who delight in this rugged country often reach a small, blue, pine-shadowed lake wondering how anyone could have been there before them. It was around these lakes, through cliffs of granite, that the C.P.R. blasted its way 26 years after Palliser's journey.

As time passes, the position of John Palliser in the history of western Canada becomes more and more important. The encyclopaedic knowledge acquired by his expedition, the vast amount of new territory explored, and the courage and resource of its leadership combine to make it a distinct landmark in western Canadian history.

His report was made in an age of reckless railroad expansion and to meet the suggestion of early construction of an all-British line to the Pacific. That he was right in reporting adversely, few today would question; nor can he fairly be criticized for failing to anticipate that the energy and foresight of the Canadian people would in his lifetime accomplish the project which was the subject matter of his investigations.

The value of his reports in other respects is only now beginning to be appreciated. The dictionaries of Indian languages will be an asset to students for many years to come; his botanist's classification of approximately 400 plants constitutes an initial and tremendous advance in scientific research; and had his conclusions as to the farming possibilities of western Canada been heeded, the expenditure of vast sums of money and much misery and privation would have been avoided, and the blow of the post-war depression would have fallen with less weight on the three prairie provinces.

The time has now arrived when Palliser's private correspondence would be of interest to many persons. He corresponded extensively with his father and other members of his family while on the American prairies in 1848, and also while on his mission to western Canada. His letters were carefully preserved along with other family correspondence and documents (some of them going back for four generations) in chests kept in the house on the family estate near Waterford, Ireland. In February, 1923, this house was burned to the ground and all Palliser's letters along with the family archives were destroyed. So students of history, in endeavouring to estimate his character and ability, must do so without the aid of his private correspondence.

There remains one letter to his father written from Fort Garry on July 17, 1857. Its preservation is due to the fact that it was printed and circulated among friends of the family. It reads as follows:

Fort Garry, Red River Settlement,
July 17th, 1857.

My Dear Father,

I have been in such an extraordinary whirl of travel that I hardly know where to begin a letter.

We arrived here three or four days ago having finished the canoe portion of our journey.

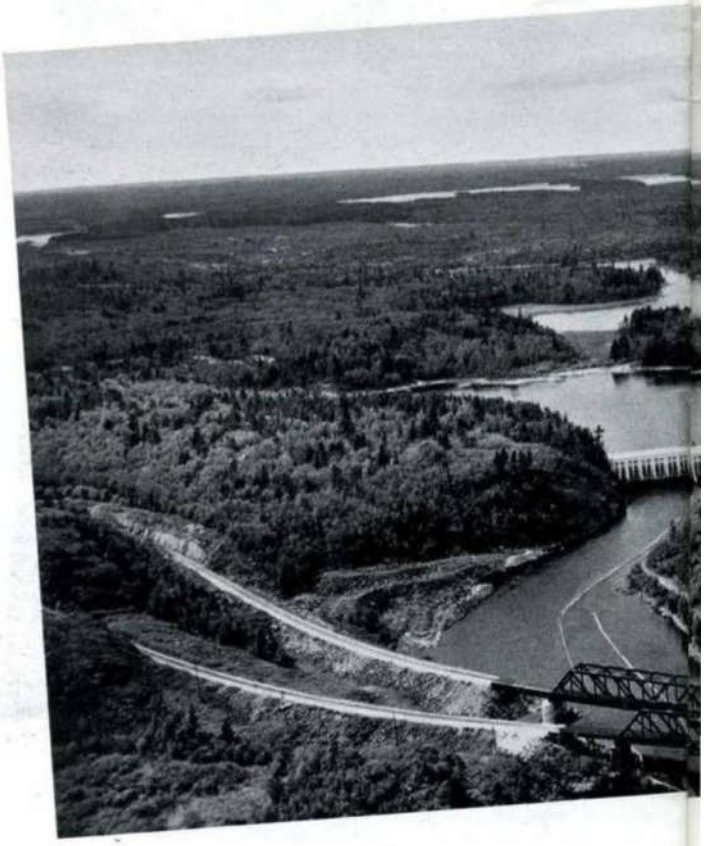
Lake Superior was covered with masses of floating ice, when I arrived there on the 11th of June, and I adopted an expedient by which I escaped all danger and delay, by engaging the captain of the Illinois Steamer to take us across the lake—*i.e.* my whole party two canoes and sixteen voyageurs in all, and put us into the canoes from off the steamer at about four miles distance from Isle Royale, which, if you look for on the map you will find situated about twenty-four miles distant from the western shore of Lake Superior, and I soon had reason to congratulate myself for this plan when I heard the steamer's paddles crashing and splashing through the ice, which would soon have done for our frail birch bark boats.

Accordingly at daybreak on the 12th of June, the steamer stopped at about four miles distance from Isle Royale; we slipped our long slender barques into the lake, packed them, and as the sun rose we parted company with the steamer, which steering in the opposite direction was soon under the horizon. We fortunately had a calm day for pushing on to the main shore, and reached the mouth of the Kammistoquoia (Kaministikwia) River at sunset and arrived at Fort William about ten o'clock at night.

The following day we re-commenced our journey in the canoes, and camped near the mouth of a river called White Fish River, geographers have been at variance as to the existence of this river and my directions were to ascertain whether it really had any existence or not and to explore it. To effect this object I was obliged to procure at Fort William three very small birch canoes capable of holding only two paddlers and one passenger. These little barques draw very little water, and are very easily upset.

We started up this river amid magnificent scenery but very difficult navigation, and the labour was very severe. The rain fell in torrents. On the second day to complete our misfortunes a tree fell upon my canoe and nearly fell upon me. I escaped by jumping out but the poor craft was dashed to pieces, so we had to camp in that place. Torrents of rain fell on us all night and soaked us through and through. The river continued rising and never did I long more for daylight as I feared all our provisions, clothes and property would be afloat down the river before morning. However, at five o'clock we got off with water nearly ankle deep; one coat only floated away down the river.

I decided to send the two boats down the river with one of our Indians and three paddlers and the provisions, and gave them directions to tell all that I had left at my main camp (at the mouth of the White Fish River) to push off at once and make camp at the falls of the Kakabaka, and Dr. Hector and I accompanied by two Indian lads started to make our way across the forests by compass-course for the Falls. We started between five and six in the morning, leaving our camp of the preceding night under water, crossed three rivers, two branches of the White Fish River, but now swollen into torrents. This we effected by cutting down trees and stepping along them. At four o'clock we arrived near the Falls of the Kakabaka and found M. Bourgeau, (our botanist) and my secretary Mr. Sullivan, with all the voyageurs again assembled. The three voyageurs I had sent down with the Indian in the two little canoes that morning having joined them long before, for they descended the White Fish River at a fearful rate, shooting rapid after rapid with amazing speed. Owing to the swollen state of the river two days and nights found us still in the Kakabaka camp, rain, thunder and lightning without intermission. At last on the evening of the third day the weather cleared and Dr. Hector, Mr. Sullivan and I started off to see the Falls of Kakabaka, guided by the loud roar of the water. We pushed through the wood and came out near the Falls, and afterwards climbed on a high ledge still nearer, from which we saw it to the greatest advantage. We measured the height very accurately, and it proved 171 feet 9 inches high. These falls though not near so extensive as the Niagara Falls are much wilder and a great deal higher. I think them far finer than the Falls of the American side of Niagara, which have too much the appearance of an overgrown mill-



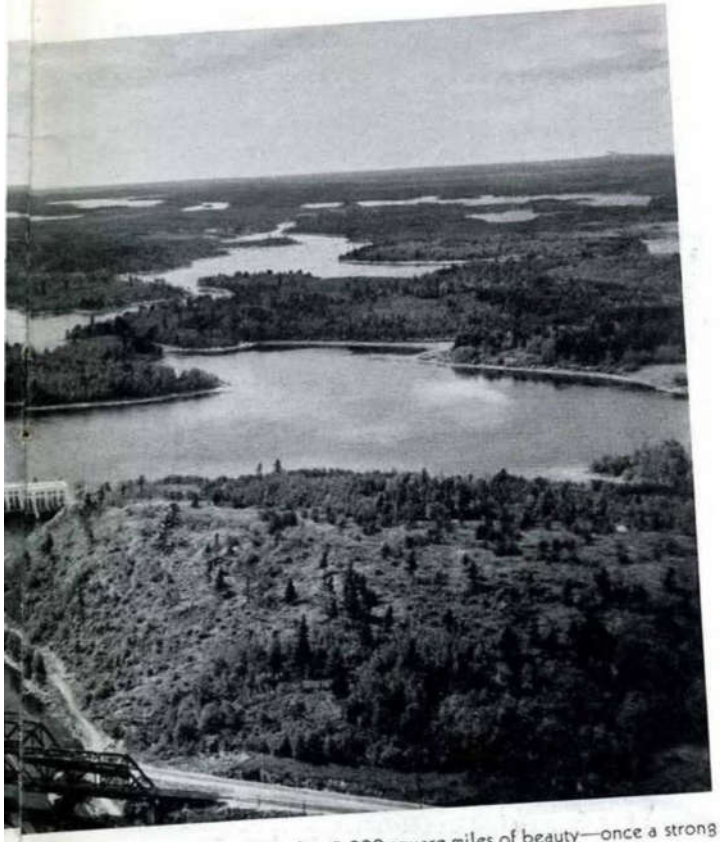
dam, an impression which all the shockingly utilitarian buildings they have crowded around them, have a great tendency to confirm and detracts much both from the sublime and the picturesque.

On this table land we were surprised to find two glaciers of hard snow on June 18th. Our camp was very picturesque, surrounded by torrents and mountains and in the midst of evergreens.

I ordered a general drying of all the clothes, all trunks to be emptied, and large fires lighted; the scene was a very novel one—such a contrast to see the wild bush steaming with reeking Manchester woolens and cottons.

We started next day and began our arduous canoe route, that is, arduous for men who work like lions. A Canadian Voyageur's is an arduous life—they rise at

three, paddle till eight, camp for breakfast, go on till one, camp for dinner and then at the paddle again from three till eight in the evening, and sometimes as late as nine or ten. The navigation is often interrupted by very severe portages, where they have to unload the canoe and carry the luggage and canoes over swamps and rocks, through brush and every kind of difficult pass, carrying from 120 to 190 lbs, on their backs at a time. Some of these portages are four miles long, and over steep hills, but the severest work is carrying the canoe, which is done by two men at a time who are relieved every eight or ten minutes. This is a fearful undertaking in rocky or slippery ground where if the poor



Lake of the Woods—2,000 square miles of beauty—once a strong link in the old fur trade route.

fellow misses his footing, almost certain death is sure to be the consequence, yet is it a sort of distinction to carry the canoe among them. Frequent instances have occurred of fatal accidents in carrying these canoes; they showed me one desperate place near Le Portage des Chiens, where a man fell with the bow end of the canoe on his shoulder, and his head was completely severed from his body.

Next evening we saw fire-flies in camp which reminded me of Italy; we arrived a few days after at the height of land, and passed through the Lake of the Thousand Islands, a glorious sight! We slept on one of these islands, and had a fearful thunder-storm that night. I thought our tents would have been blown away. The night though fearfully dark was occasionally perfectly illuminated by the lightning, displaying the numberless islands around us.

I observed for the first time a phenomenon I had never seen before, but have frequently seen it since. The lightning instead of descending from the sky flashes upwards from earth to heaven. The thunderstorms are sometimes attended with fearful consequences. This very day a slight storm occurred, a flash of lightning struck an Indian tent about three hundred yards from the very spot where I am now writing, and killed one man, three women and a cat. On hearing of it I went down with Dr. Hector to see what could be done; one of them was fearfully burned—actually charred, but the others seemed not the least injured externally. We made a subscription and they are now burying them. It was a sad spectacle; they were strangers on a visit to a lodge while its owner was absent.

I have been very busy completing my number of horses, and have engaged two waggons; I went yesterday about five miles off to see an old friend of mine who had been staying with me when I lived at Fort Union on the Yellowstone river. We had a long talk over old times; poor Boucharville has been shot by the Indians (Sioux); also little Carifel. This intelligence quite upset me as I was bent on finding out the former and inducing him once more to scour the plains with me. D—— looks much older than he did at Fort Union, and he said I looked so too.

Red River Settlement is a curious example of the impossibility of assisting people who will do nothing for themselves. The land is fertile, there are plenty of hands to till the soil, much has been done to assist the people in every way, but their indolence and idleness, (probably owing to their Indian origin), is such, that every effort fails and the people are starving.

If I have time I shall write again from Beaver's Reek, where I am now going on leaving this.

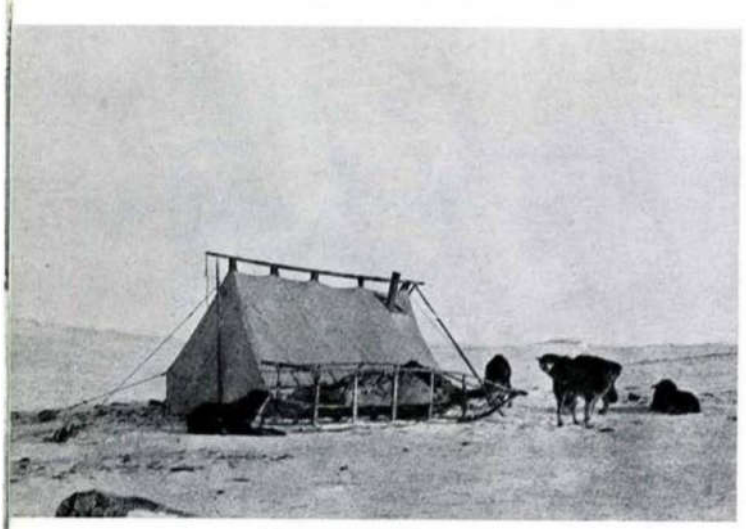
Believe me to be, my Dear Father,

Ever your affectionate Son,

JOHN PALLISER.

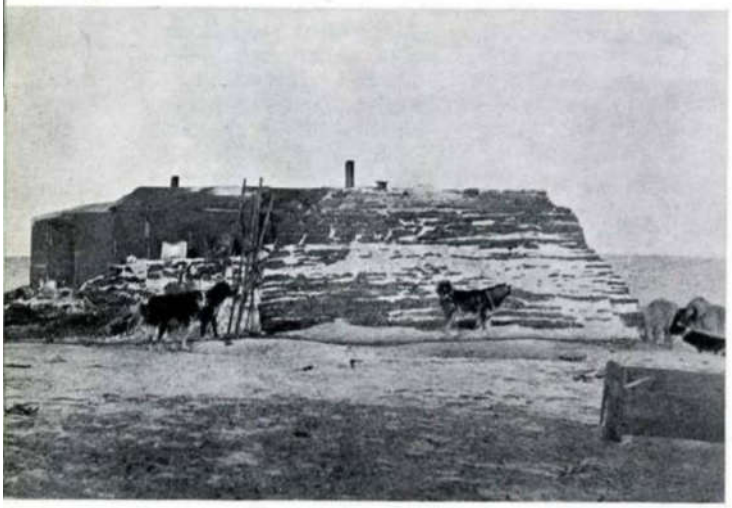
Fort Pembina, July 25th, 1857.

I take up my pen again as I find on my arrival here that the monthly mail has not yet started, so I re-open this to add a few lines, to tell you concerning my route on horseback. I have been four days coming here, having had some trouble with the waggons; the largest horses not having been trained to draw, but previously kept for running buffalo, which is with the Red River people considered of far greater consequence than ploughing or sowing, and this in some measure accounts for their present state of stagnation there. Pembina is a wretched place, and the wretched American Post Office in the other, *i.e.* American, side of the line, is still more miserable. We walked up to a wooden post driven into the ground, indicating the boundary line; it was placed there by the Americans. Sullivan and I took the latitude and found it very correct. We shall start to-day and keep pretty much on the boundary line until we arrive at Turtle Mountain, which we hope to reach in about nine days. After that we incline a little more towards the North, always keeping a Western course, till we arrive at the Riviere Qu'appelle or Calling River which you will see on the map. Afterwards I purpose remaining there a few days to rest, which will take me pretty nearly to the 15th of August, when I shall push on to the Saskatchewan and pursue my exploring until it is time to seek for winter quarters at Carlton House. J. P.



Tenting on the Arctic snow.

Building the snow wall to protect the tent.



Anglican Mission, Bernard Harbour, 1923.

Herschel Island to Aklavik, 1923

Catherine Hoare

THE rivers of the Mackenzie delta break up about June 1st, but long before that travelling has become difficult and finally dangerous. These rivers, the highways of the Arctic, all flow north, and towards the end of May flood waters force up the ice in the centre of the rivers; the sides remain frozen to the bottom and become overflown to a depth of twenty feet or more. Travelling is done on the centre of the river for some time before the breakup, and one gets ashore at the bends. The continuous sunlight and warm water from the south presently rots the ice, until one day it gives way with a mighty roaring and rushing. The breakup of the Mackenzie River is a very wonderful, thrilling sight.

We hoped to get to Aklavik before the breakup, but could not start too early in the spring. Having two babies, one three months old and the other twenty months, we did not want to encounter very severe weather.

May 2nd, about 10.45 p.m., we set off from Herschel Island with the thermometer registering 10 degrees below zero, and a slight head wind. We travelled at night for several reasons. At this time of the year, there is continual daylight in the Arctic, and some days the sun is so strong it softens the snow and makes travelling difficult for both men and dogs. But our principal reason was for the sake of the children, because some days we might have to travel eight or ten hours between shelters, and they could, of course, receive no attention whatsoever between one shelter and the next, so, since they had been trained to expect nothing from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m., we thought it would upset them less to travel by night.

We had to carry enough food to last, if necessary, until August, and besides this, bedding, a stove, cooking utensils, a canoe, tent, fish nets, guns and ammunition to procure dog feed and fresh meat, an axe to get fuel, extra clothing and baby necessities.

We used a team of five dogs, and, as there was too much for one load, Mr. Hoare had already taken half over to Shingle Point in preparation for the trip. The remainder of the load we piled on our sledge with the two precious babies on top, each in his own cosy little fur sack and bundled together in my Arctic eiderdown.

We started off gaily enough amid the good-byes of the police, Hudson's Bay Company men, and natives, but did not get very far before the sledge upset. To the north of Herschel Island there is always open water, but between the Island and the main land the ice piles

up into fantastic shapes, and the storms are continually breaking and shifting it. It is exceedingly difficult to find a trail for the dogs. Three times before we reached the main land, our babies were rudely dumped out into the snow, but thoroughly padded as they were, no harm was done.

The first time, I had been guiding the sledge, and my husband running ahead of the dogs. I immediately asked to exchange places; but, when it happened twice under the new management, I felt it had not, after all, been because of my driving.

About 6 a.m., we should have reached a police cabin at King Point, where we would find a stove and fuel. It is a small log cabin that in winter drifts completely over with snow, so that nothing is visible except two feet of stove-pipe. But just about 6 a.m. a terrific blizzard came on. The natives said it was the worst of the winter. The country around here is bleak and barren, and the coast line so level that it is impossible to tell whether one is on sea or land. The stove-pipe eluded us. All the ones we did find turned out to be drift-logs. Left to themselves, I believe the dogs would have found it for us. I distinctly remember that just about this time they sniffed the air, curled their tails and picked up speed, as they do when nearing a settlement or cabin.

Unfortunately, in turning our faces away from the storm, we wandered past the cabin and inland. By 10 a.m. we decided we would have to make some sort of camp. The children had been fussing and crying for hours. They were used to breakfast on time.

It was absolutely impossible to pitch a tent. We built a snow wall about three feet high, and with great difficulty, stretched the tent over it and fastened it down, using snow blocks and everything else available. The dogs lay down quietly and let the snow drift over them, and there they stayed until the storm was over.

We crawled into the shelter with our bed rolls and babies. My husband took Billy into his eiderdown with him, I took the baby into mine. We had a primus stove and some condensed broth, and thought we might have had a hot drink, but the stove had sprung a leak in one of the upsets, and was empty. We located a two-ounce bottle of brandy mother had given us in case of need. We all had some. Even the babies got a few drops.

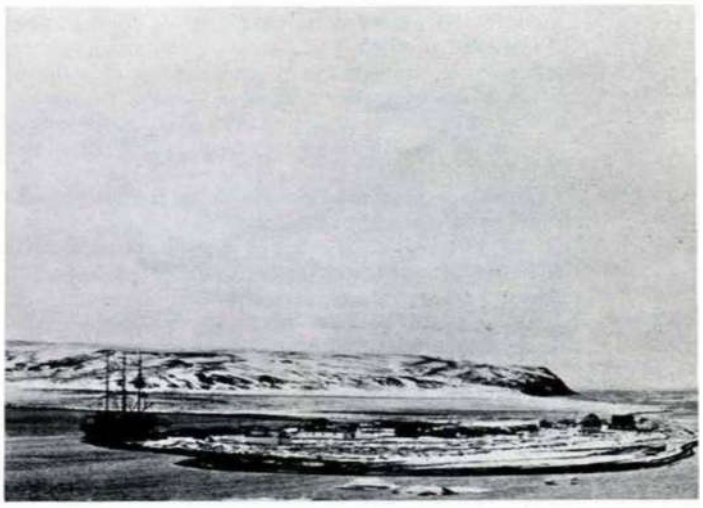
The storm lasted two days and two nights. The wind kept tearing at the tent, flapping it ceaselessly, until the walls were so broken down that we could not sit up. Probably the amount of snow consumed by the family reduced the walls considerably too, for, with the exception of a few biscuits for Billy Boy, snow was all we had for both food and drink until the storm was over. What with the small space and the heat of our bodies, we were all soaking wet.

I don't believe there is any place in the Christian's life for worry, but I must confess to falling down here. I did worry about my babies, and my Irish ancestry did not help any. I could see that "they were just too good to live."

"Oh," said I, in my anguish, "I'll never take a trip like this with these children again."

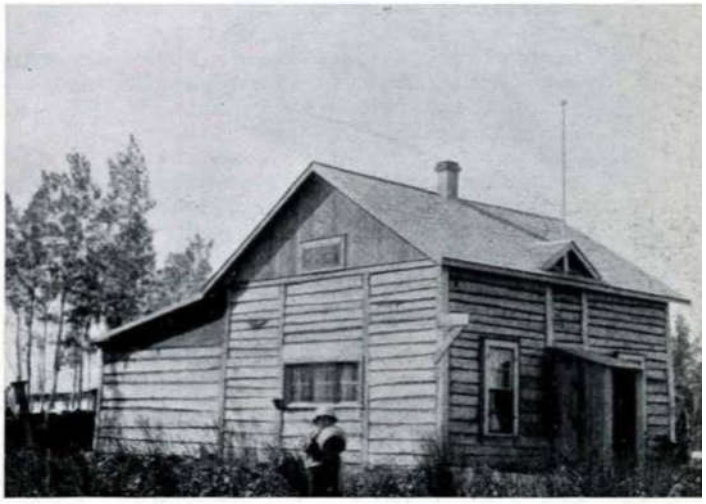
"Don't worry," said my husband, "I'll never take you on a trip like this again."

After the storm, we discovered that we had wandered about a mile and a half inland, and were not far from a cabin occupied by a trapper named Baldwin. It took us a couple of hours to dig ourselves, our dogs and belongings out of the snow and to get back to the trail again. During this time, a white man who had been



Herschel Island harbour with H B C post and Anglican Mission.

Pookiak and his family, first native settlers at Aklavik.



Aklavik Mission house, 1921.

held up by the storm at Baldwin's cabin, passed along the trail on his way to the Island. When, in answer to their inquiries as to where he had met the Hoares, he said he had seen nothing of them, the police at once set out to look for us, but in the meantime we had found ourselves and were enjoying the comforts of the cabin.

We took an Eskimo along with us this time. He was a comfort in the next blizzard, which struck without warning just before we reached Kay Point cabin. He tied both teams together that we might not get separated in the storm, and ran ahead like a deer. We would not have wandered inland here, because of bluff along the shore, but the wind was terrific, actually blowing the sledges along. All the dogs had to do was to keep going so as to save their hind legs. When we stopped the sledges, they blew over, throwing me and the children out.

Removing the canvas door, we crawled down through a snow tunnel about fifteen or twenty feet long, and thus inside. This cabin was built for winter use only—a log hut sealed against the weather by drifting snow. In the spring, when the sun got strong and the snow began to melt, it was a veritable ice cave. We dared make very little fire—only enough to cook a meal.

We travelled by day to Shingle Point, where we were met and welcomed by Rev. W. A. Geddes. How we did enjoy the luxury of baths and beds, especially for the little ones.

After a couple of days, we were off again and enjoyed this part of the trip very much. The weather was mild and the children were comfortable and happy, though we all had to wear sun goggles, dark veils, or both, for we were nearing the season when the sun would not set at all, and at this time of the year in the Arctic the light is hard on the eyes, even in cloudy weather. We spent considerable time hunting ptarmigan for dog feed. They were plentiful and easy to get.

We pitched our tent and made camp in the open. When it came time to move on, the Eskimo suggested that he and Mr. Hoare go back to Shingle Point for the extra supplies, and that the children and I wait here for them. To this suggestion I very strongly objected. I had my own idea of what might happen to our little silk tent in a blizzard. The weather could not be trusted in the Arctic. I told them I had no objection to being left alone, if only they would take us a bit further inland, where we might find a tree or something to cling to and keep us down to earth, in case another storm decided to attack us. So, on to Moose River cabin we went. Here, for the first time, there was water on the ice to warn us of the approach of the breakup, and that no time must be lost. The men went back at once to Shingle Point with the dogs, but when Mr. Hoare returned in a couple of days there was so much water on the ice he had difficulty in getting ashore. We lost no time in moving on. The advance of spring could be seen every few miles. Ice conditions grew worse and worse. There was more water along the sides of the river, and less trail in the centre, until finally we could go no further.

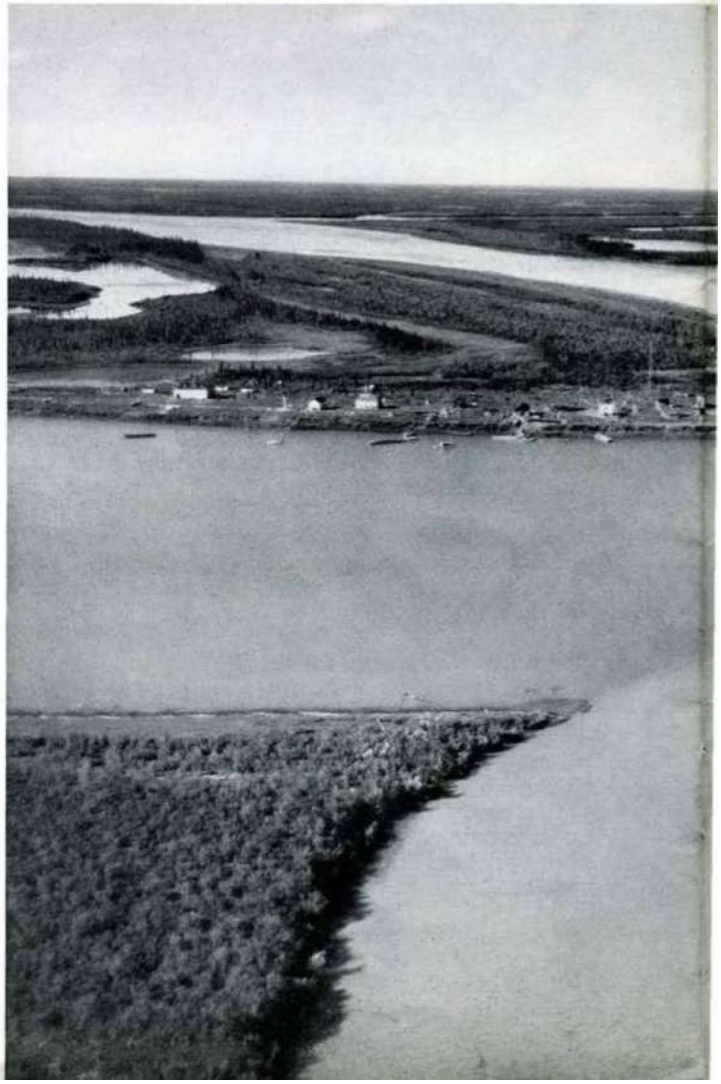
The Mackenzie delta at its mouth is ninety to one hundred and twenty miles wide, and is a vast network of sloughs, lakes and rivers, separated by low-lying land that, during the breakup, is completely submerged. We were anxious to work our way up, if possible, as far as the Spruce, where we hoped to find high ground on which to camp, and wait for open water. So we decided to go back to the last forks of the river and try another branch. We travelled up it for several miles, until we came to a repetition of our last difficulty.

"What shall we do?" said Mr. Hoare. "Must we race the breakup back to the coast?" "No," said I, "We're going on to Aklavik."

Looking down was certainly discouraging, but looking up we could see the foothills of the Rockies.

H B C Trader P. B. McLeod holding Sheila Hoare, after her trip from Herschel Island where she was born.

Looking north from Aklavik



"Do you suppose we could reach them?" I asked.

"Nothing like trying," replied he, unstrapping his snow-shoes off the load. By cutting a trail through the willows, and beating down the snow for the dogs where necessary, we eventually reached the foothills, and found a nice clearing high up on the hillside, where we pitched camp. As our canoe and most of our supplies were back at Moose River cabin, my husband at once set out again, after a meal.

Catherine Hoare with Billy Boy, first white child born at Aklavik.

No one will ever know how anxiously I watched for his return. Those two days and nights that he was gone were endless. Off in the distance, I could hear the mighty, ceaseless, rushing roar of ice and water. Luckily for us, it *was* off in the distance.

After camping for two weeks, waiting in vain for the ice to clear out, we abandoned the sledge, packed the babies and our goods, and started off on the surface waters in our little sixteen-foot Sponson canoe. The dogs were free and followed along the shore. Sometimes we missed them for days, but they always found us again, for they were dependent on us entirely for food.

The main streams were, in all probability, clear of ice by now, but we were a long way from them, and our difficulty was to find our way back without getting too far away from the main land on which Aklavik is situated. We paddled up several streams, only to find that instead of coming from the south they merely drained the hills.

The ice in the lakes freezes to the bottom, and with the coming of warm water, it rises to the surface in huge sheets and turns over. Paddling across one of these lakes, we would see huge ice floes rise to the surface and turn upside down. We could not help but wonder what the ice under the canoe was planning to do.

I paddled in front, and the baby had a nice comfortable place in the bow where I could take care of her easily. Mr. Hoare paddled in the stern, with Billy Boy facing him so that he could keep him out of mischief and entertain him. In between, was piled our necessary equipment for camp, including tent, stove, bedding, food, guns and ammunition, fish nets, axe, clothing and babies' necessities. There was no waste space.

Our system was this. We paddled for a day, going ashore every three hours, if we could, to tend the baby. If it was impossible to land, we did the best we could in the canoe. In the evening, when we came to a nice high and dry place, we stopped and made camp. While Mr. Hoare set up tent and stove and cut firewood, I hunted for dog feed and fresh meat, sometimes getting as many as sixteen rabbits. Ptarmigan and rabbits were both plentiful.

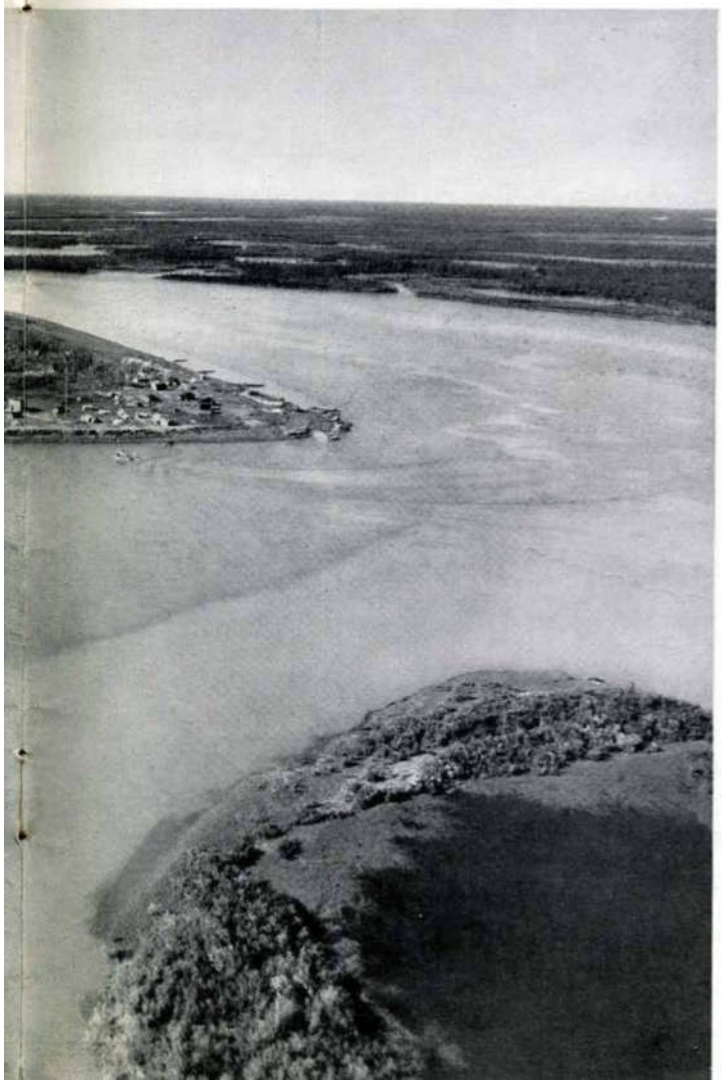
After a good night's rest, and while Mr. Hoare went back for the extra supplies, I washed baby clothes, cooked beans and bannock, and got ready to move on again.

Once, after paddling all day, we could find no place to camp. The whole country seemed under water. We paddled until midnight, and finally got so tired we just had to stop. We tied up to some willows and prepared to spend the night as best we could, curled under, over and around the freight in the canoe. We got no sleep at all, and the children cried a great deal. After a few hours we decided to "get up." We set the stove up among the willows, and breaking off some dead wood made a fire and prepared a breakfast of sorts. We were soon off again, and went only a few miles until we came to a very nice camping ground, where we spent a couple of days.

We arrived at Aklavik six weeks after leaving Herschel Island, and in plenty of time to meet the boat.

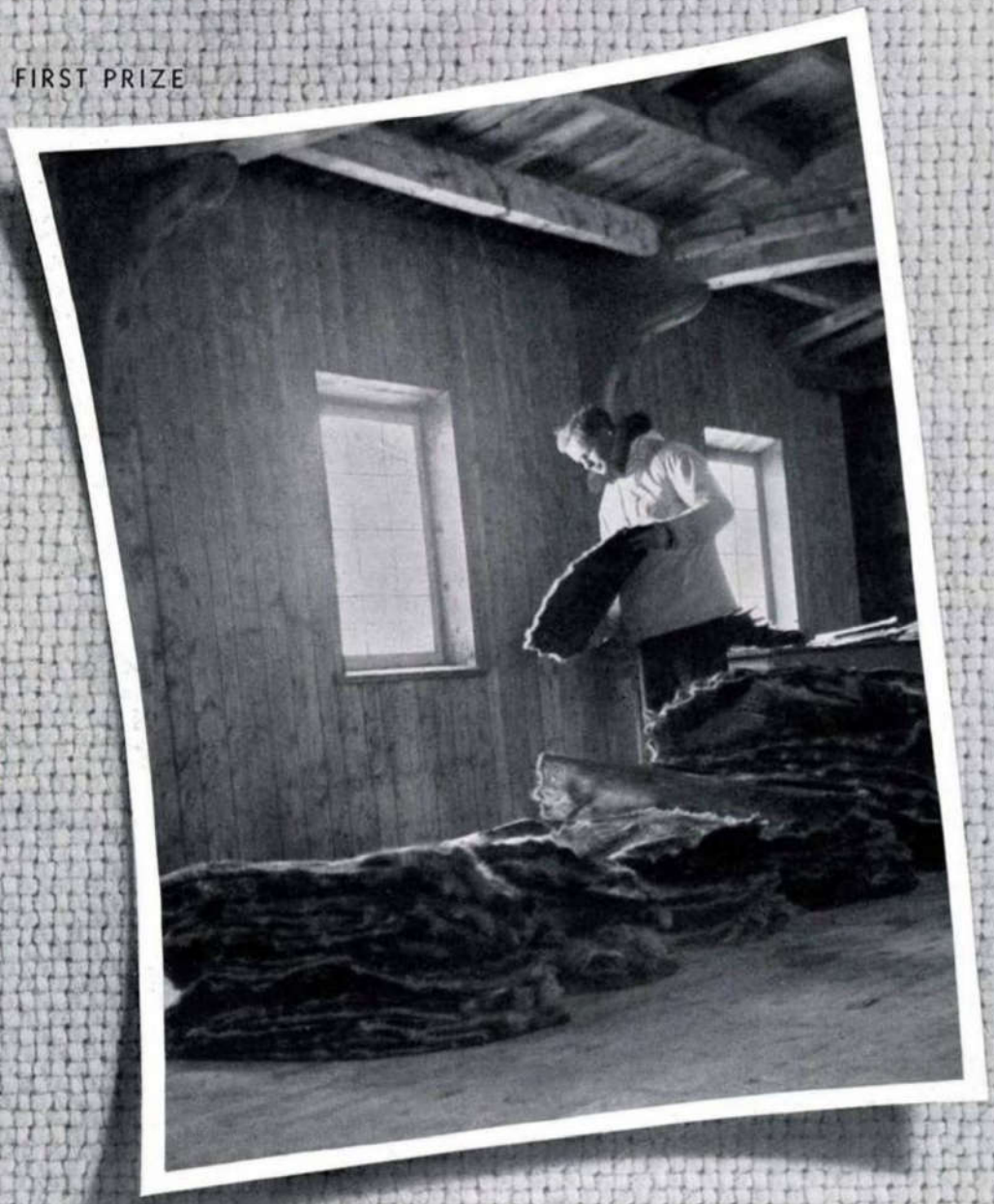
Incidentally, getting to Aklavik meant for me, seeing and talking with another white woman, for the first time since the ship had left Herschel Island the summer before.

ik over the Mackenzie Delta.

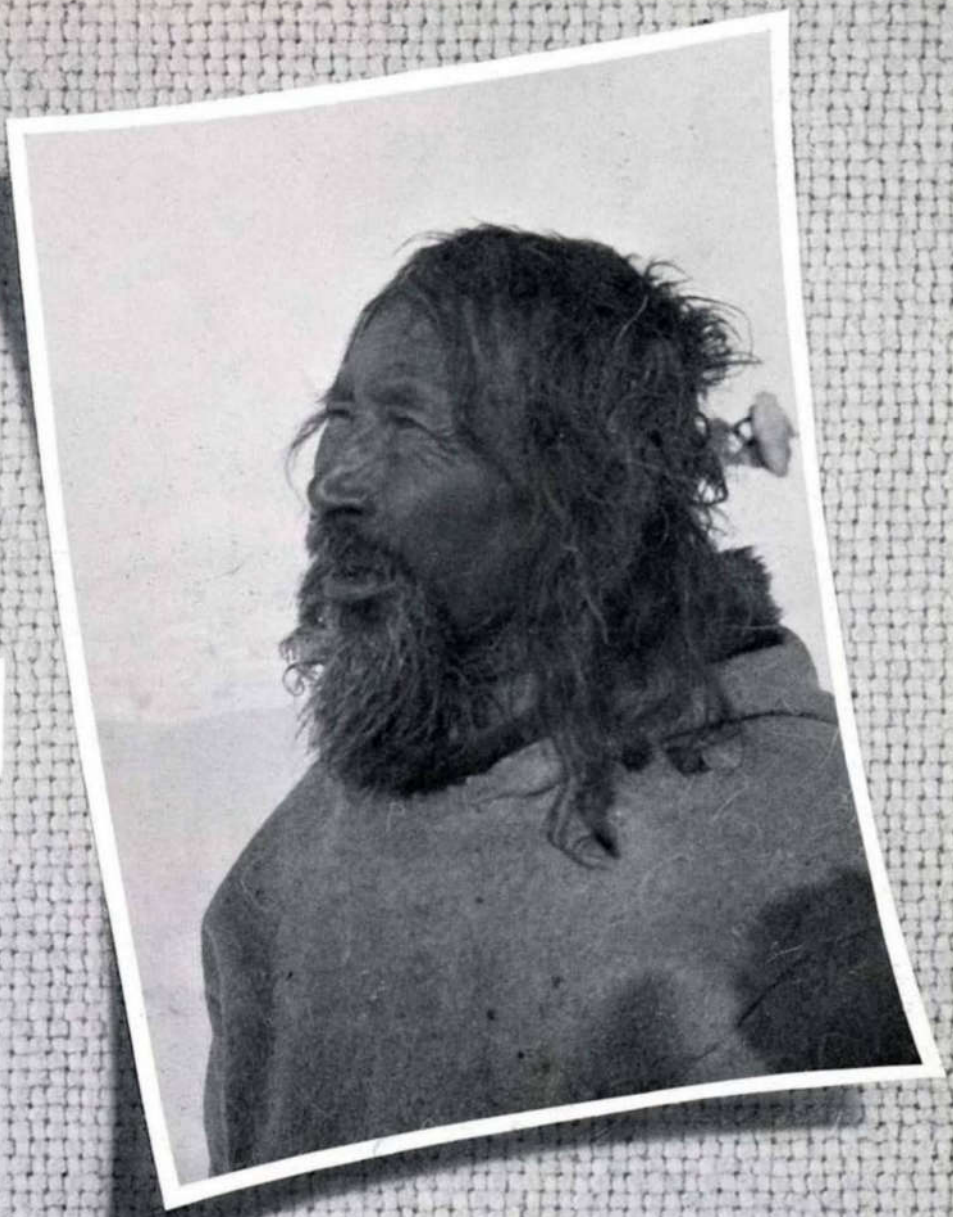


CAMERA STUDY COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE



As a result of the Camera Study Competition sponsored by the Canadian Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company, 617 pictures were submitted by 97 staff members throughout the Company. The competition closed October 15, and was judged on October 24 by Arnold Brigden, General Manager of Brigden's of Winnipeg; E. V. Caton, chairman of the competitions committee of the Winnipeg Camera Club; and Alice MacKay. First prize was awarded to F. H. Schoales, then of York Factory, now manager of Summer Beaver outpost. Here is the young fur trader sorting furs for London—as fur traders have been doing at York Factory since 1682.



SECOND PRIZE

An old Eskimo, by Alex. Smith, post manager at Pond's Inlet on Baffin Island

THIRD PRIZE

A trapper making tea, H. M. Park, St. Anthony Mine Outpost.

CONSOLATION PRIZE PICTURES

Other pictures in the running for the major prizes are shown here. Fourteen five-dollar consolation awards were made, although there was space for only nine in this issue.

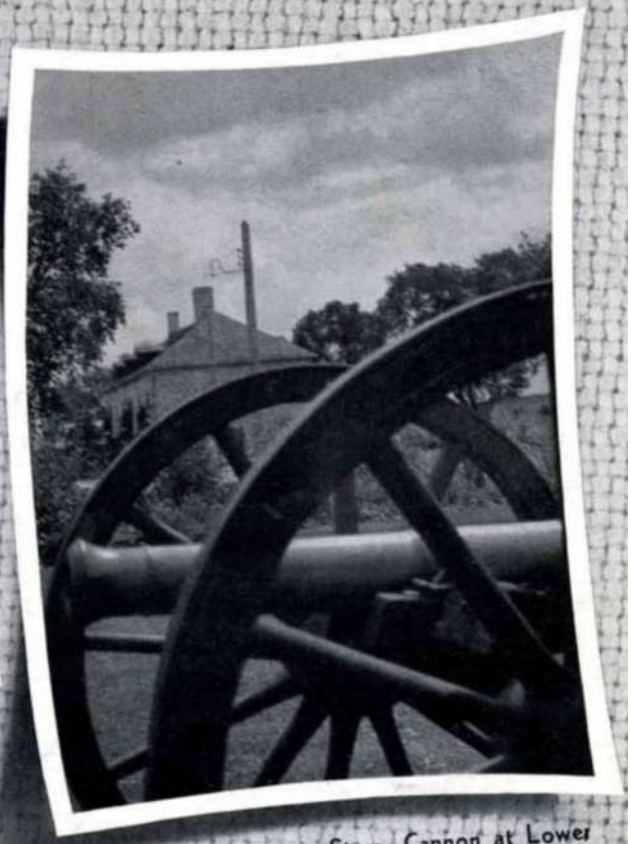
W. H. Elliott, Winnipeg Store. Barnyard, Manitoba.

P. L. Hunter, Winnipeg Store. Wheat.

R. D. Guthrie, Winnipeg Wholesale.

H. A. Donaldson, Winnipeg Store. Ski Still.

E. W. Thrift, of the Supt. of Construction Department. Building the Flin Flon Store.



C. E. Warner, Winnipeg Store. Cannon at Lower Fort Garry.

C. A. Keefer, Fur Trade. Snow birds at Yellowknife.

J. H. Grant, Victoria Store. Snow shadows.

R. B. Urquhart, Saskatchewan District, Fur Trade. Hudson's Bay Baby in a Birch Bark Canoe.

The other consolation winners are:
John Watson, of the Supt. of Construction Dept. Scene at Norway House.
Ralph Wilson, Fur Trade. M.S. Dease Lake.
J. L. Charlton, Fur Trade. English River.
M. Derrick, Saskatoon Store. Mineral Lake Sunset.
A. S. Woollard, Saskatoon Store. A Gull on board.

Doctor John Bunn

Ross Mitchell, M.D.

WHEN the British Medical Association, during its 98th annual meeting in Winnipeg in 1930, met for religious service, the preacher was the venerable Archbishop Matheson, then Archbishop of Rupert's Land and Primate of All Canada. Born in the Red River Settlement and steeped in its traditions, Archbishop Matheson in his sermon described a personal experience. In May, 1861, he said, the Red River was in flood, and divine service was held at Bird's Hill. While the service was in progress, word was brought from Fort Garry of the sudden death of Dr. John Bunn.

"When announcement of his demise came," he continued, "I shall never forget the profoundly pathetic scene. It is engraved upon my memory, and I was only a small boy at the time. I had never before seen strong, stalwart, rugged men convulsed with grief. Many of them slipped quietly away in order to conceal their emotions. It was then that I learned what an earnest and self-denying doctor can mean to his patients."

John Bunn was born about 1800 at one of the posts on Hudson Bay where his father, Thomas Bunn, was employed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Before entering that service Thomas Bunn had been a member of a livery company in London, a trade guild privileged to wear a distinctive costume on occasion. He married a daughter of John McNab, surgeon, who was in charge of the post where John was born. The fortunes of the Bunn family were closely bound up with those of the Hudson's Bay Company, for John later entered its service and his sister, Isabella, married John Edward Harriott, Chief Trader, 1829, Chief Factor 1846. It was Chief Factor Harriott—"a most amiable gen-

tleman," according to DeSmet who entertained Paul Kane, the artist, at Fort Edmonton on Christmas Day, 1847.

About 1803 Thomas Bunn was transferred to York Factory, the post to which the Company's ship came every summer with the outfit for the year's trading. How the children of York Factory, John among them, must have looked for the first sight of the ship's sails! But ships and fur traders and Orkney voyageurs and Indian trappers, however interesting they might be, were no proper substitute for a sound education, and since there was no school in Hudson Bay, John was sent to the old land for his education at the age of nine. For at least ten years he did not see his parents. He was enrolled as a medical student in the University of Edinburgh, "John Bunn, Hudson's Bay," for the sessions 1817-18 and 1818-19. These appear to have been years made happy for the young and serious-minded student by association with congenial companions, the "Jolly Blues."

Thomas Bunn, Jr., of Selkirk, Manitoba, has an old text-book which formerly belonged to his grandfather, John Bunn. It is the first volume of a work on Natural Philosophy (Physics) by Prof. John Playfair, F.R.S., and in two places in that book the young man poured out the bitterness of his soul. He had been summoned by his grandfather, John McNab, to drop his studies and return home. On pages 106 and 107 appears this note in Bunn's handwriting on the eve of his departure:

"April 29, 1819—today I leave the University for my native country, Hudson's Bay. What is before me God knows but I think I am going to the Devil in a cold country. Farewell happiness, farewell my intellectual pleasures, farewell my Jolly Blues; in three months I shall be among a parcel of hairy frozen devils and thinking of days never to return."

On page 193 of the book there is a further note: "Sept. 1, 1819. Well here I am at Moose Factory as wet as a drownèd rat—very little pleased with my berth. A strange pack of uncivilized souls I have got among to be sure—they speak English some of them—but I very much wish I were either hung or back at 'Auld Reekie' among my Jolly Blues. Goodbye to happiness—where it will end I know not—but a precious kettle of fish my old Grandad has made of it."

For the next four years, 1819 to 1823, John Bunn was employed by the Hudson's Bay Company. After the Union of 1821, he was sent to the Red River Colony, where his father had gone to live. Even as early as 1823 retired officers and servants of the Company, as well as Selkirk settlers, were making homes on the banks of the Red River of the north. Chief among the retired officers of the Company was Thomas Thomas, Governor of the Southern Department of Rupert's Land up to the time of his retirement from the service in 1818, and from 1815 Councillor of the Department of Assiniboia, which was the territory lying within a radius of fifty miles from the forks of the Red and Assiniboine. His name was first on the list of witnesses to the treaty made between Lord Selkirk and the Indian chiefs on July 18, 1817. On July 23, 1829, his daughter was married to John Bunn by the Company's chaplain, Rev. William Cockran. John Bunn was then twenty-eight or twenty-nine years and his bride twenty-one. From this union there were three sons: Thomas, John and William Thomas. The latter, born a few weeks before his mother's death, died at thirteen years of age and is buried beside his parents in St. John's churchyard. John died in 1878 at the age of 46 and is buried at Middlechurch, and Thomas died April 11th, 1875, and his grave may be seen in St. Clement's churchyard. Thomas played a prominent and honourable part in the troubles of 1869-70. When the Provisional Government of the Red River Settlement was formed in November, 1869, Thomas Bunn was elected as an English speaking member to represent the parish of St. Clement's. Later, as he had had some legal training, he became Secretary of State. When Manitoba became a province in 1870 he was a member of the first Legislative Assembly. He was called to the Bar in 1871 and continued to represent St. Clement's in the Legislative Assembly until his death. His home was directly across the Red River from St. Clement's church.

By 1831, then, John Bunn had a wife and a son to provide for; He was no longer in the active service of the Company; free trading in furs was actively discouraged, and farming was unprofitable. There remained the practice of medicine, and already he had made some steps in that direction with two years' study in Edinburgh. He had the example of his grandfather, John McNab; moreover there was no permanent surgeon in the Red River Colony. In the summer of 1831 he left his family to spend the session of 1831-32 at Edinburgh University. He did not graduate, but he became Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh in 1832. No doubt he sought out the remaining members of his "Jolly Blues" and lived over with them the days of Auld Lang Syne.

A second son was born during his absence in Scotland. Miss Isabella Bunn, a grand-daughter now living in Vancouver, recalls finding in the attic of her grandfather's home at Middlechurch a packet of letters written by Catherine Bunn to her husband overseas. The invariable ending was: "do take good care of yourself and don't study too hard." Another find in that attic was the brass cupping instrument with its little steel knives released by a spring which Dr. Bunn had brought with him from Edinburgh. The poor young wife who had been so solicitous for her husband's welfare had little more than a year of happiness after his return. A black tombstone in St. John's Cemetery, a few feet west of the Cathedral, marks her last resting place, and carved on it is the inscription: "Mrs. Catherine Bunn. Died 3rd January 1834 in her 26th year." A marble tablet on the north wall of the nave of the Cathedral next to that commemorating her father, Governor Thomas Thomas, sets forth her virtues.

There remains comparatively little record of Dr. Bunn's professional career. Thomas Simpson, the Arctic explorer and cousin of Sir George Simpson, writing from Fort Garry to Chief Trader Donald Ross at Norway House on Dec. 7, 1834, says: "Dr. Bunn is beginning to vaccinate since hearing of your foresight and success at Norway House. You asked for some vaccine matter but I cannot send it as that brought from Canada has been tried by Dr. Bunn and found useless." Such grand old residents of the Red River Settlement as the late Mrs. John Norquay, Miss Janet Bannerman and Archbishop Matheson who knew Dr. Bunn personally, or those of the next generation who heard of him from their parents, unite in praising his devotion to duty and his tirelessness in travelling over wide areas wherever and whenever his services were needed. For years he was the sole doctor in the settlement. According to the census, in 1832 the Colony numbered 2,751 souls and in 1846, 4,459, scattered along the banks of the two rivers. On horseback in summer and in a dog carriole in the winter he would

make his way at all hours of day or night from his home at Middlechurch to the little prairie dwellings, bringing healing when he could, but always a spirit of comfort and cheer. He was the "Weelum MacLure" of that isolated community. The medical tradition still holds among the Bunns of today.

In these days when questions of health insurance and medical care of those on relief are to the fore, it is interesting to note how these problems were dealt with a century ago. In the Minutes of the Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land held June 1, 1833, occurs this resolution:

"Dr. Bunn having attended professionally on many retired Servants in Red River Settlement who on account of their indigent circumstances could not pay for medical advice and having likewise administered medicine at several of the Company's Establishments and to the families of Gentlemen belonging to the Service who have been sent to the Red River for the benefit of religious instruction and education during the past year, it is Resolved That in consideration of a remuneration for such medical advice and attendance a grant of £50 be made to the same Dr. Bunn for the year terminating the 1st June 1833."

In the minutes of the Council held on June 21, 1836, the grant was increased to £100 and this continued up to his death.

The records, however, have much to say of his public life. In 1835 the Red River Colony was transferred by the young Earl of Selkirk back to the Hudson's Bay Company. To provide for local government of the Colony, a meeting of the Council of the District of Assiniboia was held at Fort Garry on February 12, 1835, with George Simpson, Governor of Rupert's Land, presiding. The Councillors were Rev. D. T. Jones, Rev. Wm. Cockran, James Bird, Esq., James Sutherland, Esq., William H. Cook, Esq., Robert Logan, Esq., John Pritchard, Esq., (grandfather of Archbishop Matheson), John Charles, Esq., Alexander Christie, Esq., and by invitation, The Revd. The Bishop of Juliopolis (St. Boniface), Donald Ross, Esq., Alexander Ross, Esq., Andrew McDermot, Esq., and John Bunn, M.D. This was the first of the fifty-eight meetings of the Council of Assiniboia which he attended. On April 30, 1835, he was sworn in as Councillor. He appears to have been zealous in the performance of the many duties laid upon him. With James Bird, he was appointed, on June 16, 1837, Magistrate of the Lower District.

In 1856 he was made governor of the Gaol and chairman of the board of works, and for a limited time he served as sheriff, recorder and coroner. Indeed, Dr. H. H. Chown refers to him as a veritable Pooh Bah. His early fears of "going to the Devil in a cold country" were not justified. To him in manhood the Red River had become his own, his native land, and his heart burned within him for its advancement. In the Minutes of the Council of Assiniboia it is recorded, *inter alia*, that he moved that a grant of £50 be made to the Red River Agricultural Association, that church bells be exempted from duty, that a bridle road be constructed through the settlement, that imports from the United States (with the exception of stoves) be subject to a uniform duty of four per cent, that a printing press be purchased, and a public surveyor (William Inkster) be appointed. In 1859 he was appointed member of a committee, of which the other members were the Governor of Assiniboia, the Rt. Revd. the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land and the Rt. Revd. the Lord Bishop of St. Boniface, to regulate the importation of spirituous liquors into the settlement.

In 1840 he figured in a celebrated case which still excites enquiry. In October of that year as Magistrate he received the deposition of John Flett, who was one of the four men who found the dead body of Thomas Simpson, the Arctic explorer and cousin of Governor George Simpson.

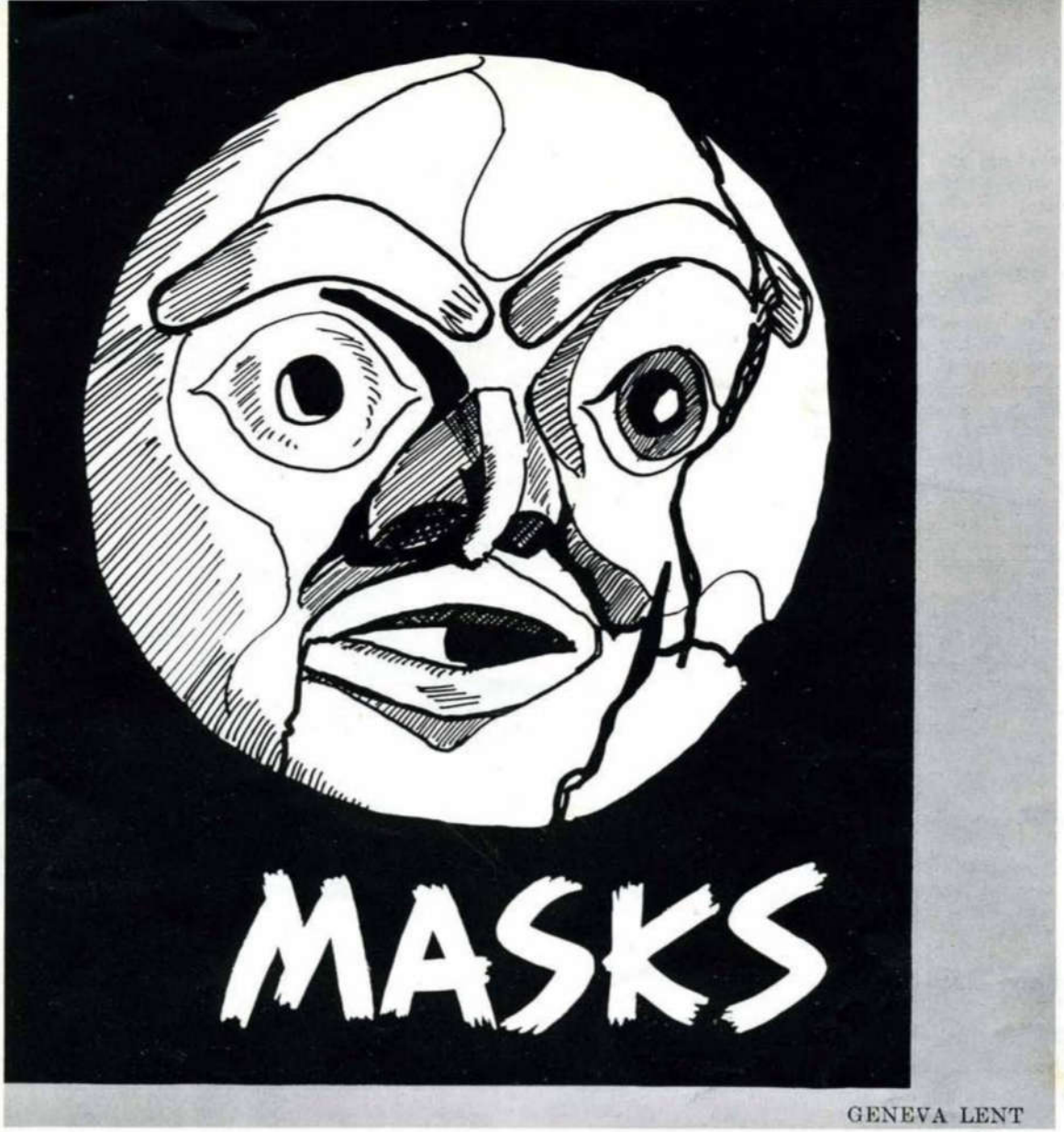
Such was Dr. Bunn's active and useful life until the sudden summons came. On the morning of May 31, 1861, he was on the river bank at Upper Fort Garry, watching the swollen waters with Robert Campbell, Chief Trader from Athabasca. The breakfast bell rang, and the doctor went to his room. When he did not appear at breakfast, Mr. MacTavish found him unconscious on the floor of his room. Surgeon Jas. Paxton of the detachment of the Royal Canadian Rifle Regiment quartered in Fort Garry, was hastily summoned, but in less than an hour Dr. Bunn was no more. The issue of the *Nor' Wester* of June 1, 1861, which carried as headlines "The American Rebellion," "Fort Sumter Captured," 'Riots at Baltimore," published the story of the doctor's death. On the editorial page appeared this tribute:

"The late Dr. Bunn, member of Council and Sheriff, was universally esteemed, for unquestionably he was the first and foremost of our magistrates in point of ability. Besides his efficiency as a civil officer, his medical services had acquired for him great popularity. He was an able practitioner and as a surgeon commanded entire confidence." His funeral was the largest the Settlement had yet seen. Old and young, rich and poor, Catholic and Protestant, gathered together to show the last mark of respect to the friend of all.

The Donald Ross correspondence, only recently made accessible, reveals Dr. Bunn as a gifted letter writer. W. J. Healy, in "Women of the Red River," quotes in its entirety a letter from the doctor to his friend Donald Ross, then in charge at Norway House. On March 12, 1848, he described the ball given by Col. Crofton, the Officer Commanding, and his officers on the eve of the departure of the troops from the Colony. The recital is in whimsical vein. After mentioning the decorations, the singing of Dr. Duncan's choir, the bells of the evening, and the elegant spread at midnight, the doctor continues thus: "At its close my memory expired. All became hiccups and happiness. Delightful, but indistinct, visions wrapped the senses in bliss, and a faithful version is lost to the world . . . . . I looked back upon the evening with pleasure, as it afforded unmingled gratification to the guests, and so satisfied the hospitable donors, and riveted the good feeling which ought to exist between the civilians and their very gentlemanly and kind military friends. It is not at all unlikely that some of the fair and lovely ones may suffer from scarlet fever, but none will perish The fever will pass, reaction will come, and pensiveness and sighing will lower the dear little creatures to the humdrum realities of everyday life.'

Dr. John Bunn gave his native land great services as a pioneer physician and a devoted public official. His name is perpetuated in Bunn Lake on the route between Norway House and York Factory, but among those who knew him, and their number grows less each year, his name is held dear not for revealed deeds but rather for

> "That best portion of a good man's life,
> His little nameless unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."



GENEVA LENT

Kwakiutl Mask representing the sun. Very old and badly cracked.

SINCE the dawn of human history, ceremonial dance masks have entered into the life of various peoples throughout the world. The tribes of the north west coast of British Columbia found wooden masks quite as essential in their dramatic presentations as did the highly civilized people of ancient Greece.

The first men of the Hudson's Bay Company trading on the Pacific Coast of Canada in the 1800's must have been as deeply impressed by the awesome spectacle of grotesquely masked men as was the famous Captain Cook when he first encountered them on the west shores of Vancouver Island at Nootka, and recorded the experience in his Journal of 1776-1780.

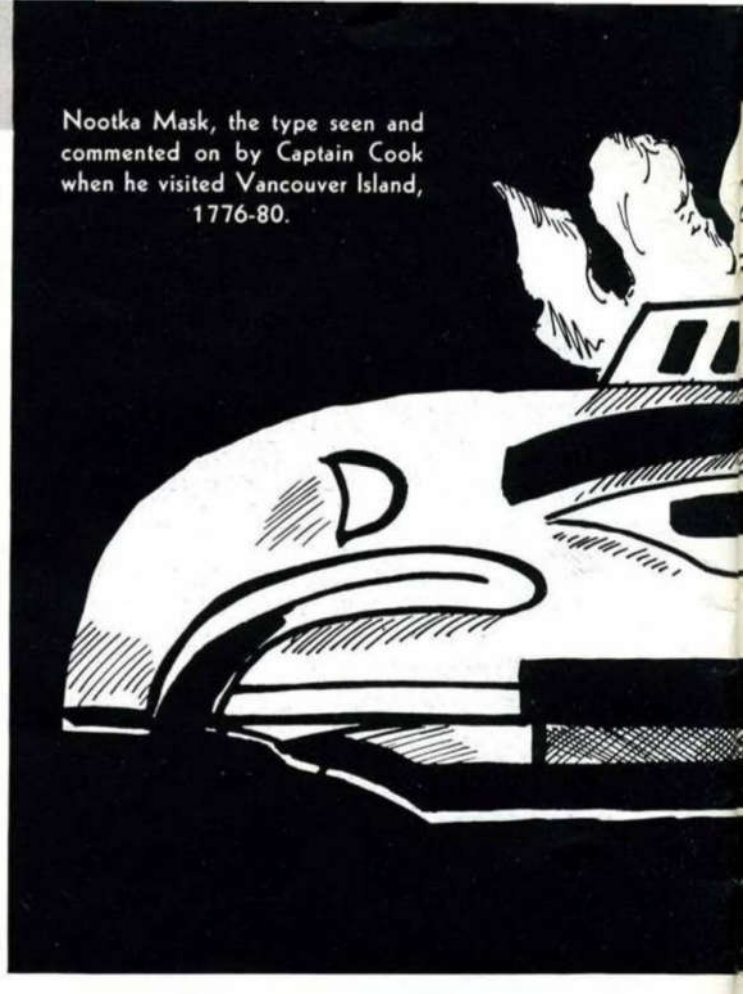
"Their monstrous decorations!" exclaimed Captain Cook. "These consist of an endless variety of carved wooden masks or vizors applied on the face or to the upper part of the forehead. Some of these resemble human faces, furnished with hair, beards, eye brows; others the heads of birds particularly of eagles and quebrantahueffos (?). And many the heads of land and sea animals, such as wolves, deer and porpoises and others. But in general these representations much exceed the natural size, and they are painted and often strewed with pieces of foliaceous mica which makes

them glitter and serves to augment their enormous deformity. They even exceed this sometimes and fix on the same part of the head large pieces of carved work resembling the prow of a canoe painted in the same manner and projecting a considerable distance. So fond are they of these disguises that I have seen one of them put his head into a tin kettle he had got from us, for want of another sort of mask." Vol. II.

Captain Cook was describing one of their ceremonial receptions. Quite as outlandish must these Indians have appeared to the Hudson's Bay traders attending a Potlach or a tribal dance, where blazing fires in the centre of a chief's house would cast weird shadows of the demon-like figures across the high cedar walls. Such dances were held during the long winter festival when the influence of ancestral spirits was said to descend upon the clan and bestow supernatural powers. Then the clans gathered in secret societies to perform certain symbolic dances, to recite, and sing tribal songs. For such celebrations the masks were primarily made.

Each tribe had its own dances, taboo to other clans. The actors impersonated spirits, monsters, and characters who had played important parts in tribal history. Some masks were realistically constructed with movable jaws and eyes, manipulated by cleverly hidden strings to increase the sense of horror, and whistles were sometimes placed in the mouth of the mask with which to produce uncanny wails of joy, anger, or pain.

One notable dance was the "cannibal dance," in which the initiate was supposed to be possessed by a ghoulish spirit, and taken with him to his home in the woods. There he remained for months. Afterwards he would return and attack his people, tearing them to pieces. This was carried out in pantomime after the true cannibalistic rites had been discontinued.



Nootka Mask, the type seen and commented on by Captain Cook when he visited Vancouver Island, 1776-80.

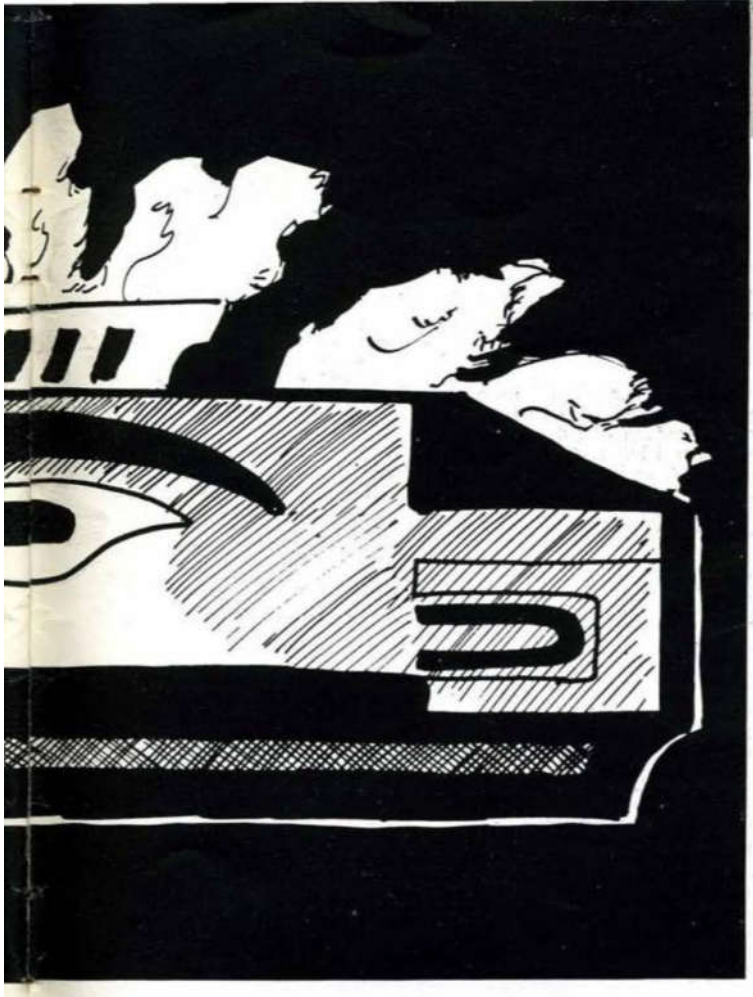
Many of the masks exhibited clan crests, such as the Raven, Eagle, Wolf, Killer Whale, Thunder Bird, and Owl. Other masks displayed conventionalized conceptions of mythical creatures such as: The Man who Lived Under the Sea; The Wild Man; The Black Man of the Woods; sky spirits, such as the Sun and Moon.

Masks of a later period were less stylized and more realistic in form. These were often carved by artists who became famous for their work among various tribes. Some created clever humorous caricatures of unusual personages seen, such as a Spanish explorer or a Russian priest. These were artistically colored with fine natural dyes and mineral paints, such as ochre, oxidized iron ore, copper, and black mud.

The masks were worn with suitable ceremonial garments often of fur, and blankets woven on crude looms from wool of the mountain sheep, or from a now extinct species of dog, bred for the purpose. Bones of this now unknown animal have been found in ancient village middens. These blankets were usually of a dull gray color, decorated with intricate tribal designs in black, white and deep red, and sometimes oversewn with bits of shell or buttons secured in trade with the white man. The dancer usually carried in his hand a rattle elaborately carved in traditional style.

Strange as it may seem, the art of the carved dance mask is older than that of the totem pole. The mask is the antecedent of the totem pole perhaps by centuries. Small house-poles had been used but totem poles are comparatively young; not more than a hundred years,

Haida Tribe Mask of the bird type. Very old. Painted brilliantly in colours derived from rocks and plants. The bird is an owl, and the mask is exceptionally well finished.



creations as these masks must inevitably be old. Of this Thiebault-Sisson, the French art critic says:

"Between the specimens of Canadian West Coast art and those of the Bantus of Africa or of the ancient Aztecs of Mexico, there is an obvious analogy. They seem related to each other. Yet the art of the Canadian tribes has advanced further than the others and discloses a much finer culture."

This long and artistic past will undoubtedly yet yield much of value, as well as much information regarding strange cultural links with long forgotten races.

An old people? Yes. For not so long ago scientists discovered more important middens at the mouth of the Fraser River, revealing old stone age remains, and skulls of a race differing greatly from those of the Indians now inhabiting British Columbia. A people who perhaps were annihilated by the swarms of Mongolians crossing the Behring Straits in successive migrations, who came in ever-increasing numbers through the prehistoric years. It seems conceivable that these aborigines left an imprint on the culture of the invading hordes, distinctly traceable in their art forms, particularly in the dance masks used to keep alive in a traditional dance some dramatic episode in the dim past whose source was forgotten but which had become an integral part of their religion and folk lore.

These dance masks, now so highly prized in national, provincial, and private collections, are a very real heritage, as a source of inspiration for future artists. The great pity is that before it was fully appreciated in early days, many of the best examples of dance masks were taken by scientists to Germany and France at the close of the last century.

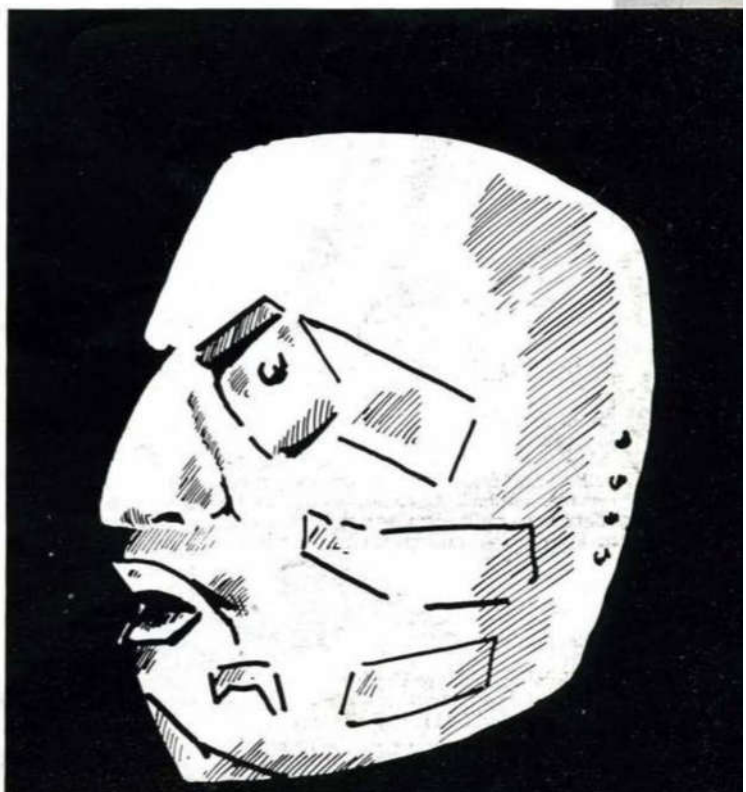
so authorities say. Nevertheless, they embody very ancient forms, since they are a natural development from the earlier dance masks, and came into being when iron tools were introduced to the native in trade with the white man.

Of the dance mask, Dr. Marius Barbeau writes: "Its origin is remote. It goes back to prehistoric times. It was already in existence and mature and quite as conventionalized as it is to-day at the time of the early Spanish, English and French explorers. (1775-1800.)"

The carving of the dance masks, poles, chests, etc., was a truly masculine art expression; weaving and basketry belonging to the women. The masks were primarily for ceremonial use, but they carried on a living tradition of family and clan life. They were carefully preserved from generation to generation, frequently through the maternal line, and represented the best of their culture and the creative expression of their finest artists.

The British Columbia Indians were splendid craftsmen. They understood their mediums perfectly, and handled their tools with rare skill. Their artistic sense was deeply rooted in national tradition, reflecting it in every article they used, whether canoes, houses, ornaments, chests, fat dishes, or poles. Their technique varied somewhat with the vicinity in which they lived. The northern tribes cultivated a strong, simplified art, full of significant design and rhythm, rather conventionalized in treatment. The natives farther south developed a freer art form, displaying a greater degree of impressionistic realism that was perhaps colored by their outside contacts.

A culture which could produce such fine artistic



Tlaolacha Mask, very old and taken from a grave. It shows the strange prehistoric face reminiscent of carvings of the ancient Mayans.

THE SERVICE TODAY

London Office News

The European crisis has had other repercussions on Beaver House and Hudson's Bay House than merely the dislocation of business. In both offices air-raid shelters were prepared in the basements; members of the staff were appointed to, and trained for, first aid, fire-fighting and gas-decontamination; and full-dress rehearsals were held to test emergency arrangements. Further, several members of the staff who are in the Territorial Anti-Aircraft division were called up for service.

Norman Beynes, Assistant Manager of the London Fur Department, has been receiving congratulations from his many friends on the announcement of his impending marriage.

J. E. Keats, of North West River, returned to Canada in September after completing a course of fur-grading in the warehouse. We have also had short visits from R. H. Cook, of Churchill, and J. E. Sidgwick, of Tuktuk, who are both on furlough in this country.

A. J. Watson, manager of the Victoria Store, paid us a brief call on his way through London to South Africa for a holiday. Visitors at Hudson's Bay House have included The Rt. Rev. A. L. Fleming, Bishop of the Arctic; Mr. W. N. Downs, of Winnipeg; Dr. Burt Brown Barker, Vice-President of the University of Oregon; Miss Grace Lee Nute, of the Minnesota Historical Society; Miss Helen Ferguson, of the University of British Columbia; Mr. J. N. Leonard, of Bennington, Vermont. Miss Lee Nute, Miss Ferguson and Mr. Leonard were engaged on historical research.

On November 4, F. W. Watkins, assistant secretary of the Company, said goodbye to his friends here on his departure for Winnipeg to join the Canadian Committee Office. He and Mrs. Watkins left with all good wishes from the staffs at Beaver House and Hudson's Bay House for the best of luck in their new venture.

We very much regret to record the death in August of Joseph Sach. Mr. Sach had served the Company as messenger, at Lime Street and at Beaver House, for 43 years, and since 1933 had been enjoying a well-earned pension.

We also regret that ill-health has compelled the retirement, after 18 years' service, of Jack Garland, who was in charge of ermine in the warehouse. His many friends send him their best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Fur Trade Commissioner's Office

Ralph Parsons, Fur Trade Commissioner, after leaving the *Nascopie* at Chesterfield, travelled by air to Baker Lake, and south to Eskimo Point, Tavane, Churchill, York Factory, God's Lake and Beren's River, thence to Winnipeg. After a holiday in Newfoundland, he went to Edmonton on an inspection trip.

R. H. Chesshire, after a successful season supervising Mackenzie River Transport operations, is moving to Edmonton to take over supervision of the three western districts: Mackenzie-Athabasca, British Columbia, and Western Arctic.

Western Arctic district manager, A. Copland, and the district office have removed to Edmonton, and Mr. and Mrs. Copland will reside there.

David Hutchison has been appointed manager of the Mackenzie River Transport. Mr. Hutchison has had long experience with Power Corporation of Canada.

Paul Davoud has also recently joined the Fur Trade Department. His particular job is transportation of all kinds—water, rail, air, canoe, and dog team. He was formerly a very efficient and very popular pilot and superintendent with Canadian Airways Limited.

Another newcomer is Donald E. Denmark, who is occupied with our Cumberland House conservation project. He is a qualified Dominion Land Surveyor with an extensive northern background. Chief among his accomplishments is the survey of the Saskatchewan River muskrat marshes for the Manitoba Government, followed by the development on their behalf, by means of an extensive system of dykes, dams, and ditches, of their large muskrat promotion project. Already at Cumberland House a canal one mile long has been dug by man power, employing fifty-two local natives, and this is now ready for the spring flow of water. A large dam has also been built, while the programme for the coming winter includes a survey of the lease which covers 292,000 acres, and building of a rock-crib dam.

A number of important changes have taken place in the Fur Purchasing Agency set-up since last season. Paul Mehmel and Leonard French have exchanged places and the former is now in charge at Vancouver while Leonard has taken over the Montreal end. We are sorry to announce the resignation of John Keith from Prince Albert. All his former associates will miss him greatly and wish him well. Ralph Wilson takes his place in Prince Albert. Jack Topping blew in from British Columbia in September, pulled off that long expected marriage at last (best congratulations to you both!) and has taken his bride off to Peace River, where he will buy fur for the Company. Mrs. Topping was formerly Miss Inger Schioler and we hope she likes her new home. Jim Woolison has been transferred full time to Mackenzie River Transport. H. P. Warne has been very busy east and west getting everyone settled in for the fur season which has just opened and we hope will be reasonably prosperous.

A brand new class started in the Apprentice Training School October 17. There are fourteen boys in the new group, three from Montreal or thereabouts, one from Toronto, two from Battleford and Edmonton, and the balance from Winnipeg and Manitoba. Jock Runcie is grooming them in furs, merchandise and accounts, "Sparks" Horner putting them through their radio paces, George Morrison teaching them carpentry, D. C. Archibald, of the Dominion Weather Service training them in meteorology, and now the latest addition to the curriculum threatens to be cooking and dietetics. After all the inner man must be considered and what is the use of filling a man's head with knowledge if we do not show him how to sustain health and activity by proper food. The new course will include demonstrations and practice in preparing and cooking all the usual types of foods which are available in the north, including game and fish, making appetising and healthful dishes out of canned meats and dehydrated vegetables. Perhaps most important of all it will explain the need of planned meals to obtain balanced diets with correct nutrition. It is well known that certain foods considered as vital for health outside are lacking in the north. Proper use of substitutes which are available will compensate for this lack in the diet and maintain optimum health and vitality, and better teeth.

Nowadays a post manager or other member of post staff from the north can scarcely show his face in Winnipeg without being pounced on by Dick Bonnycastle, acting personnel manager, for a refresher course of some kind. This usually includes coaching in fur grading using furs "borrowed" out of a passing post shipment over the protests of the district manager concerned who claims invariably 10% depreciation; lectures and demonstrations on merchandise subjects, visits to the Winnipeg store, and talks on personnel matters. When time does not permit more, there is at least a tour over Hudson's Bay House conducted by Jake Henley with an explanation of all activities, usually followed by a lunch at the Retail Store.

The silver fox consignment season is in full swing and Jim Donald has been west and east getting things organized. He is assisted by George Harris at Winnipeg and Norman Wilding in Toronto. Both individual ranchers and fur pools are realizing the value of the London market and shipping to Beaver House in increasing numbers yearly.

Captain Smellie completed a very fine voyage when he docked the *Nascopie* at Halifax on September 19. The northern leg of the trip is ably described by District Manager J. W. Anderson in the Ungava notes. Captain Smellie, accompanied by Mrs. Smellie and Miss Smellie, is at present in England on furlough and will return in the New Year. Chief Officer Stephen and Chief Engineer Thomas are standing by the ship. Chief Steward Reed is also away to the Old Country on holiday. Already plans are being made for next year's voyage and the ship is due to sail from Montreal July 8, 1939.

We seem to have stressed everywhere how fortunately we came out of the mess created by the loss of *Barge 300* with the Western Arctic supplies in June. One is

THE GOVERNOR IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Governor of the Company, Mr. Patrick Ashley Cooper, enjoying crocodile and duck shooting in South Africa. Mr. Cooper was a member of the Royal Commission appointed by the British Government to consider the difficult and intricate problem of combining Southern and Northern Rhodesia in the Dominion of South Africa.

Governor Cooper shooting crocodile from the roof of a launch on the Kafue River in Northern Rhodesia.

Two ministers of the "cabinet" of King Yeta III, Paramount Chief of the Barotse.

The mother of this Kasama family is pounding mealies in a hollowed out tree.

The Governor setting out on a duck expedition in the swamps of the Zambesi at Lealui village, ruled by King Yeta III.

inclined to drop the matter when hearing that replacement supplies were safely delivered to the posts and no one will be hungry after all. At this point however loud protests come from Jack Kimpton, who has been working months on the insurance claim and has only just finished the job. How many millions of figures had to be compiled and thousands of pages of invoices, manifest bills of lading, protests, affidavits, etc., prepared no one can say but the claim is now safely away to London.

We have to announce the transfer from the Fur Trade Department to the Small Stores Division of Sioux Lookout, Nipigon and Baie Comeau posts. This is a perfectly logical development, and we wish the staffs concerned and W. P. Barrett, Manager, Small Stores Division, all kinds of prosperity in their operation.

W. O. Douglas reports from the Company's Bird's Hill Fur Farm that he has had a lot of important visitors out there in the last few months from all over the world, but space forbids naming them here. The very open fall experienced this year is not conducive to early furring-out of the animals, but at time of writing, everything is in readiness for the commencement of the pelting season as soon as weather permits. The low price of silver fox pelts has affected the interest shown in the animal for breeding purposes, while the continued good price of mink has increased its popularity and breeders are in demand. The six young fisher pups, bred and born on the farm this year, are doing very well and are ready to pair off for the coming breeding season. Mr. Douglas, accompanied by A. G. Cunningham, Director of Game and Fisheries for the province, visited Steeprock Muskrat Marsh in October and found our manager, Mr. Blowey, in his usual good health and high spirits, undoubtedly due to the excellent condition of the marsh and good prospects for another successful crop next spring.

We were delighted to have a visit from Dr. and Mrs. Charles Elton from the Bureau of Animal Population, Oxford, England. Dr. Elton has done much valuable research work in fur cycles for the Company, and his visit provided the opportunity to exchange a great deal of valuable information with the district managers and other members of the staff. Dr. Elton covered a lot of ground while on this side of the water, and we hope it will not be as long again before he returns.

Mackenzie River Transport

Mackenzie River Transport's busiest season ended at Waterways in October. The year broke all previous records for northern freighting, and also created a new high in shipyard building and equipment improvements.

During the season, to keep pace with the fast expansion of northern mining, it became necessary to implement existing facilities on both the Mackenzie and Athabaska Rivers. At Tar Island Shipyard on the Athabaska, the following units were constructed: A 170 h.p. tug; a 400-ton house barge; two 250-ton flat deck barges; four light draught yarding barges. The latter units were designed to cope with low water conditions around Waterways and at the entrance to Lake Athabaska. In addition the tug *Pelly Lake* was re-engined and her power doubled.

At Gravel Point Shipyard, the following units were built: One 600-ton barge for the Fort Smith-Aklavik run, the biggest barge ever to travel north, 160 feet long, beam 40 feet, depth eight feet six inches; two tank barges, 50,000-gallon capacity each, for hauling oil between Norman Oil wells and Yellowknife; a 300-ton flat deck barge for carrying heavy machinery; new engines in the tug *Hearne* which doubled her power.

Winter may be long in the north, but the brief summer can be very hot. To transport perishable food supplies to Yellowknife in perfect condition, the Company built two 50-ton refrigerator barges, one for the upper and one for the lower river. These were heavily insulated with cork board and equipped with the latest type of mechanical refrigeration.

At Gravel Point Shipyard an additional set of slipways was built, also a ship's supply warehouse, and an addition to the machine and work shop. Another new building was a modern two-storey bunkhouse, equipped with running hot and cold water and shower baths. Beside it is the new kitchen and mess house with accommodation for 64 men, and close by is a modern dwelling for the caretaker.

The Upper River Shipyard is to be similarly improved after its location has been moved ten miles farther upstream. Half this new property has been cleared and partially graded, and the work will be completed next year.

At Waterways a new double conveyor system was installed for the handling of package and light freight, so that loading was speeded and risk of damage lessened. Steel derricks and hoists were installed at both Waterways and Smith for the handling of heavy machinery.

Towards the end of the season low water made freighting difficult. Two of the three regular channels at the entrance to Lake Athabaska became unnavigable and water levels in the third channel dropped to fifteen inches in certain stretches. Freight had to be transferred at The Willows and lightered into the Lake by barges and light draught boats brought from Waterways. High winds also impeded the lighter vessels. In spite of these hindrances, all freight was safely delivered, thanks largely to the uncommonly open fall weather.

Returning from her last trip to Aklavik the *Distributor* encountered grave difficulty at the Ramparts and Sans Sault Rapids near Fort Good Hope because of low water. She got through, but Captain Naylor was unable to return to Smith with the new 600-ton barge which was ultimately wintered in the Rabbitskin River.

British Columbia District

Our new store at Fort St. John, B.C., was opened for business on August 8. R. H. Trouth Company did a fine construction job. New dwelling houses were also completed at Fort Ware and Manson Creek posts in the fall.

A new air mail service between Vancouver and the Yukon via Fort St. John, B.C., was inaugurated on August 4. United Air Transport Limited are the contractors.

Mrs. P. P. Forman, wife of our manager of Whitefish Lake post, who has recently been on the sick list, has made a very satisfactory recovery and is now back with her husband.

Heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest on their marriage at Fort Selkirk, Y.T., on September 28, by Rev. R. C. Ward. Mrs. Forrest, formerly Miss Beatrice Milne, travelled from Carnoustie, Scotland, to join Mr. Forrest. We trust that she will like the Yukon as well as her husband does. Congratulations are also due to Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Henry of McLeod's Lake, who were married at Prince George on August 15. Mrs. Henry was formerly Miss Hubble of McLeod's Lake. We also congratulate Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Stephen of Upper Hay River post on the birth of a son at Fort Vermilion Hospital on September 30, and Mr. and Mrs. T. G. McMillan of Cold Lake post on the birth of a son at Cold Lake on August 8.

The following members of the British Columbia District Staff have received Long Service Awards this Outfit, recognizing 15 years' service: J. Milne, district manager; F. Reid, post manager, Fort Vermilion; G. S. M. Duddy, post manager, Fort St. John; W. R. Henry, post manager, McLeod's Lake; W. G. Murray, post manager, Manson Creek.

The Company's private commercial short-wave radio station at Fort Grahame, B.C., went "on the air" at 8.15 a.m. on August 15. The call letters are CY9H, and the frequency 4455 k.c. This is the first Company station in British Columbia.

Many forest fires were reported in the Athabasca section of the district during the late summer and fall. Particularly bad fires raged near Wabasca and Keg River.

Freighting operations on the Peace, Finlay, Stikine and Dease Rivers were successfully completed and all freight landed in good shape. Many difficulties were encountered with low water in both British Columbia and Alberta.

J. Milne, district manager, returned from his summer inspection from Cold Lake post on the Saskatchewan boundary to Dawson City in the Yukon Territory. In September, he left on holidays, returning to district office in mid-October.

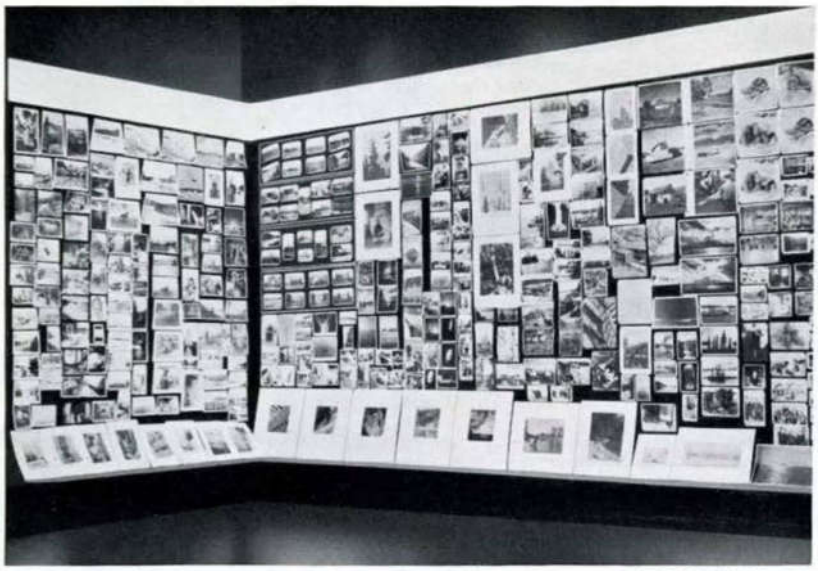
We extend a hearty welcome to the following who have recently joined the district staff: W. G. Murray and R. J. Campbell from James Bay district, J. W. Law from Saskatchewan district, S. S. Mackie from Mackenzie-Athabasca district.

Western Arctic District

Transportation of supplies on the Arctic Coast was not unduly delayed by the loss of *Barge 300* on the Mackenzie River. Thanks to splendid co-operation of the Fur Trade depots and the Mackenzie River Transport, complete replacements have been delivered to all points.

The motor-vessel *Audry B* had the misfortune to lose her rudder before the spring break-up at Coppermine. Edmonton Depot supervised the building of a new rudder which was sent north from Edmonton by Canadian Airways, together with a complete set of timing gears for the starboard engine. The vessel completed the delivery of all supplies to Cambridge Bay, Perry River, Bathurst Inlet and Kugaryuak, besides relaying the King William Land outfit as far east as Perry River. Angulalik, of Perry River, freighted King William Land supplies to destination and brought the returns from that post to Cambridge Bay.

The *Fort Ross*, in addition to carrying a full load of staple reserves from Van-



A few of the entries in the staff camera study competition.

Free parking for babies outside the smart new Company store at Flin Flon, opened September 1.

Another side of the staff camera study competition.

The Company's post in Kamloops was established in 1821. Today's retail store was remodelled this year. High transom windows were taken out, and modern show windows installed with black tile and chromium as a frame for display. Inside, both floors were remodelled for customer convenience and the display of merchandise.

The Nelson store, built in 1899, also had its face lifted and the interior thoroughly modernized. A centre entrance was provided, and new fixtures installed on the ground floor. The two out-moded store buildings were made into one by removing a brick and masonry wall and substituting columns and beams. Such architectural feats are readily accomplished by the Superintendent of Buildings' staff.

couver, delivered Outfit 269 supplies to Baillie Island, Fort Collinson, Read Island, Coppermine and Wilmot Island. She is now in winter quarters at Bernard Harbour after her 12,000 mile voyage, during which she maintained an average speed of 8.5 knots. The design of the hull is responsible to a great extent for this satisfactory speed. Being a "double-ender," there is very little stern drag. Much credit is due Capt. Summers and his crew for a very satisfactory voyage.

Captain R. J. Summers, Engineer J. Piercey, and Bo's'un Wm. Starkes are standing by the vessel this winter. Engineer Conrad had to return from Tuktuk owing to an injury to his hand. The other members of the crew returned to Edmonton by air and are now in Newfoundland.

To complete the annual chain of misfortune experienced in the Western Arctic the *Aklavik* took some severe ice pressure while wintering in Four Rivers Bay, Somerset Island. Patsy Klengenberg stripped the vessel, with the exception of the main engine, before she flooded and spent some weary days pumping until the pressure relaxed and the vessel came back. Repairs were effected before the arrival of the *Nascopie* but heavy ice on the western side of Bellot Strait and the lateness of the season cancelled the arrangement for completing delivery of supplies for Perry River.

A very successful rat hunt was experienced in the Mackenzie Delta last spring and indications are that conditions are improving all along the coast.

Captain C. T. Pedersen, of the Northern Whaling and Trading Company and the Canalaska Trading Company, has transferred his Canadian posts to the Company: Herschel Island, Walker Bay, Cambridge Bay, King William Land, and Bathurst Inlet. The M.S. *Nigalik* was also added to our Western Arctic fleet, and under Captain Pedersen's supervision was hauled out at Tuktuk. Mrs. Pedersen spent the summer at Tuktuk with her husband and both came out on the *Distributor*. Capt. and Mrs. Pedersen will be greatly missed by all their many friends in the Arctic.

Viscomte Gontran de Poncin, sponsored by the French Geographic Society, will spend the winter at King William Land studying the few remaining primitive Eskimos.

Superintendent T. B. Caulkin, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, inspected Aklavik and Coppermine detachments this summer before joining the *Nascopie* at Churchill. Inspector Bullard relieved Inspector Curleigh at Aklavik; the latter is now located in Edmonton. Maitland Point detachment has now been closed and the schooner *St. Roch* will again winter at Cambridge Bay, taking the place of the Cambridge Bay detachment, which has been temporarily closed. Constable Cain is now in charge at Coppermine.

Radio communication is now an established fact throughout the Arctic. In the Western Arctic we are grateful to Messrs. Deacon and Howie, of the Coppermine Radio Station, for their fine co-operation, which has been an important factor in developing this important means of communication. Credit is also due to the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals staff at Tuktuk and Aklavik, who have co-operated generously.

From the schooner *Fort Ross* we were able to contact by radio R.M.S. *Nascopie*, Fort Ross post, M.S. *Fort Severn* at Repulse Bay, King William Land, Perry River, Cambridge Bay and Tuktuk, a radius of approximately seven hundred and fifty miles. It is interesting to note the volume of traffic passing through some of the small commercial stations in the Arctic. F. B. Milne, post manager at Cambridge Bay, reports he has handled during the past year: 145 inward messages, 205 outward messages; a total of 16,056 words.

Frank Milne and Graham Sturrock are old hands at radio, while Angus Gavin and H. B. Figgures, of Perry River and Baillie Island respectively, are keeping regularly on the air. Besides reporting weather conditions and the movements of vessels engaged in transport work, our stations keep in touch with aircraft who require their services while flying on the Arctic Coast. Fort Collinson is not yet on the air, due to the loss of equipment on the Mackenzie River.

The Catholic Mission schooner *Our Lady of Lourdes* supplied all the Roman Catholic missions and established a new mission at Holman Island in Prince Albert Sound. Father Griffin is now enjoying a well-earned holiday. Father Delalonde spent the summer months at Coppermine and we trust that his health is now restored.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Webster, late of Coppermine, on the death of their little daughter Patricia in Edmonton. Rev. George Nicholson, of Aklavik, has relieved Mr. Webster at Coppermine. Rev. H. R. and Mrs. Rokeby-Thomas are remaining another year at Cambridge Bay.

The season has been an open one on the coast and no difficulties were experienced with ice, which is a welcome contrast to previous years. All members of the staff and their families are in excellent health, and look forward to a very successful winter's trade.

Messrs. Spencer and Demment returned by air from Tuktuk. Mr. Spencer has been in charge of salvage work and transport operations at Tuktuk, while Monty Demment has been assisting in the inspection of the district. A. Copland, district manager, accompanied the *Fort Ross* into winter quarters and journeyed to Edmonton by air in company with the crew. E. J. Gall was recalled from Aklavik after an illness, but has now fully recovered and has taken charge of Rocher River in Mackenzie-Athabasca district for the winter. J. E. Sidgwick, accompanied by R. R. McIsaac, left in October for holidays in the old country.

Mackenzie-Athabasca District

John Bartleman, district manager, returned to Edmonton on October 7 from his summer inspection trip. Between May 31 and his return, he covered some 9,000 miles, using aeroplane, steamer and canoe. For a considerable part of the trip he was accompanied by G. B. Wright of Winnipeg.

An interesting visitor to the district this summer was Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, geologist, explorer, and map maker. Nearly 80 years of age, a great part of his life has been passed in surveying and mapping northern Canada. Dr. Tyrrell has written and edited outstanding books on the north, and his interest in the earlier days of the Company has led to many interesting references. Dr. Tyrrell visited a number of mining camps.

E. E. Rich, editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, was a visitor in August. He went as far as Fort Smith, but was particularly interested in the Lake Athabaska territory, as it afforded local colour for his notes on Sir George Simpson.

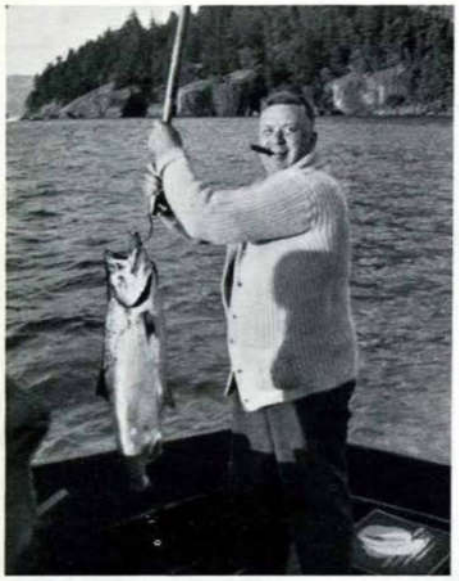
Apropos of Sir George Simpson, we wonder what he would have thought of a mass transfer of trappers and their equipment which took place this summer. An aeroplane, in ten trips, took sixteen trappers, including a twenty-one year old married woman, and one hundred and twelve dogs with sleds, winter supplies and trapping equipment to the Barren Lands trap-lines, north and east of Fort Reliance. The trips were made between a Sunday and the following Thursday. The trappers were "laid down" between Musk Ox Lake, 140 miles north of Fort Reliance, and the Thelon River.

On Thursday, September 15, Judge F. W. Howay, of the Historical Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, unveiled a cairn marking the site of the famous Methy Portage. The cairn stands in the grounds of the public school at Fort McMurray. A place of honour at the ceremony was given to several old-time residents—who had used the portage before it gave place to railroad communication linking Edmonton and the north. Pensioner A. M. McDermot was present, a fitting tribute to the fact that he was initiated into the fur trade and spent many years of his life on the portage.

Mista Jim, Alberta's oldest Indian, died at his home on the Winterburn Reserve on October 1. His age was placed by the Indian Agent at 110 years, although he may have been anything between 107 and 115 years old. He was made chief of his band thirty years ago and to the last wore with pride the large silver medal which signified this office. He was able to recount many stories of early days around Fort Edmonton, and amongst his most vivid recollections were those concerning Chief Factor Richard Hardisty, for whom he held high regard, and for whom he had worked as he had for his predecessors. Fortunately, we were able a year ago to arrange a meeting between him and Miss Kathleen Shackleton, who made a most excellent sketch of the old hunter. It does not need a very vivid imagination to visualize scenes in which Mista Jim may have taken part or been an eye witness. At eleven years of age, he could have heard the accession to the throne of Queen Victoria announced at the old Fort. He may have been shaken by the hand by Sir George Simpson on his visit to Fort Edmonton in 1841. Sir John Franklin may have been seen by him. He was a fully fledged brave when Viscount Milton and Mr. Cheadle passed through Edmonton, and he probably met Sir William Butler, Dr. Grant and Sir Donald Smith. Paul Kane may have included him in one of the sketches he did during the time he spent at old Fort Edmonton.

We deeply regretted the death of Mrs. R. W. Dodman of Fort Rae on September 13 after a long illness. To Mr. Dodman and his children we extend our sincere sympathy.

During the latter part of the summer, smoke from forest fires disorganized aeroplane traffic between Edmonton and all points north. A dry summer gave impetus to many fires, with disastrous effect upon thousands of square miles of good trapping country. For twelve days there was no flying in or out of Edmonton, so far as Northwest Territories flights were concerned.



D. M. McCurdy, manager Vancouver Wholesale, taking a holiday from Company tea and coffee.

Grandfather of twins, John and Jim, age four months —J. C. Putt, merchandise manager, Vancouver store.

The anchor of the "Fury," Parry's ship wrecked in 1825, on Somerset Island. Relics of the "Fury" were found by Don Goodyear, post manager who assisted L. A. Learmouth at Fort Ross post last winter. The more easily moved relics were brought to Winnipeg on the "Nascopie" for the Company's historical exhibit.

After a heavy grind in the Winnipeg Coffee Plant.

Trout Lake Post in northern Manitoba.

Making rabbit skin robes at Lac Seul, Ontario.

Saskatchewan District

Our predictions in the last issue were apparently not far short of the mark. During the past quarter the ranks of the benedicts in the district have been noticeably increased. John Goldie, now manager of South Reindeer Lake post, was married to Miss F. Nixon, formerly of Lac la Ronge mission, at Beaver Lake, Saskatchewan, on July 29. Congratulations also to Mr. and Mrs. John Lawrie of Deer Lake post, who were married in Winnipeg on August 13. Mrs. Lawrie was formerly Miss Gwen McMillan of Winnipeg.

J. M. S. Macleod has now satisfactorily recovered from the operations necessitated by the freezing of his toes last winter. So that he may be near medical attention, if required, he has been stationed at Lac la Ronge for the winter.

R. A. Talbot, district manager, visited Fort Alexander early in September to unveil the cairn at that point erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, commemorating the site of Fort Maurepas, one of La Verendrye's posts. This unveiling was coincidental with the La Verendrye Bi-Centennial Celebrations held in Winnipeg and St. Boniface during the first week in September, and was attended by some thousand visitors from Winnipeg.

Norway House post held a similar celebration early in September, when Judge F. G. Howay of New Westminster, B.C., accompanied by Mr. Talbot, proceeded there to unveil another cairn erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board. Judge Howay spoke at length on the history of Norway House, and after a few remarks by R. A. Talbot on the present day activities of the post, the cairn was unveiled by P. W. Durant, Provincial Game Guardian. The gathering was under the chairmanship of P. G. Lazenby, Indian Agent, the invocation being given by the Rev. E. Baird.

The past quarter has seen the closing up of Hyer's Limited, of Norway House, and writes finis to a business established by the late Hans C. Hyer some sixty years ago. Mr. Hyer started his operations by travelling up Lake Winnipeg in the early days with all his trading outfit in one small skiff. His pioneer effort developed, as time went on, into seven or eight good sized trading posts in northern Manitoba. The residents of Norway House will miss the company and comradeship of Mr. and Mrs. Lief Sunde, who have been associated with Hyer's Limited for the past seventeen years. They have left to enter business for themselves at Pine Falls, Manitoba. Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Turpel will also be greatly missed from Norway House, having left for Toronto in the late summer.

Our radio enthusiasts are progressing rapidly with the operation of the new sets installed at several posts in the district. E. W. Hampton at Oxford House is particularly interested, and recently reported good communication with Wolstenholme, Great Whale River, Cape Smith and Weenusk posts. This speaks very well indeed for the sets designed by S. G. L. Horner.

The S.S. *Keenora* of the Selkirk Navigation Company has completed her work for the season and is now berthed in the slough at West Selkirk. She returned from her last trip to Norway House on October 23.

Nueltin Lake post was transferred to Nelson River district on October 15.

Nelson River District

W. E. Brown, district manager, returned to Winnipeg September 20 from inspecting posts on the west coast of Hudson Bay: York Factory, Severn, Eskimo Point, Baker Lake, Repulse Bay, Churchill, Tavane, Gillam and Wabowden. All members of the staff were found in good spirits and health.

The following staff members were in Winnipeg during the summer: W. E. Lyons, R. K. Muir, J. A. Trafford, B. Moore, A. Mackintosh, F. Schoales, A. Anderson and G. T. Bremner.

We are pleased to announce the marriage of T. Crawford and Miss Winnie Voisey at Eskimo Point, Northwest Territories, July 28. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford are now located at Repulse Bay.

The M.S. *Fort Severn* was hauled out on the Government slipway at Churchill after a very successful season. Ice and weather conditions were favourable, and all freight was delivered. I. Barbour and S. Bradbury, master and chief engineer respectively, passed through Winnipeg en route to their homes in Newfoundland on September 27.

The Roman Catholic Mission supply vessel *M. F. Therese*, although failing to reach Igloolik owing to extremely severe ice conditions in Foxe Channel, had a very successful voyage en route. She called at all posts on the west coast of the Bay, with the exception of Nonala and Tavane. Included in the *M. F. Therese's* cargo was an outfit for Igloolik, where we had hoped to establish a post. The supplies were returned to Repulse Bay, to await more favourable conditions another year. For a number of years we have been greatly indebted to the Roman Catholic Mission for handling our mail on their winter packets, and on their supply vessels during the summer. This indebtedness was further increased, during the past summer, by the mail facilities afforded by Father Schulte, the Flying Priest, during his flights along the coast. We greatly appreciate these courtesies.

Foxe Basin will be the scene of considerable exploring activity and scientific investigation during the present winter, as no less than three separate expeditions intend to winter in that area.

T. H. Manning will visit there from south-western Baffin Land. Messrs. Bray and Baird were landed at Winter Island, at the east entrance to Frozen Strait, by the *M. F. Therese*, and intend to proceed to Piling, on the west coast of Baffin Land, by whaleboat and dog team, where they will carry on meteorological and magnetic observations for the next two years.

G. W. Rowley proceeded to Repulse Bay on the M.S. *Fort Severn* with the ultimate objective of proceeding to Igloolik and Piling, where he will carry on sundry ethnological investigations.

We welcome W. A. Smith, Lloyd Colborne and F. Schweder into the district, and extend best wishes for their future success to S. J. Stewart, A. Macintosh, R. K. Muir and F. Schoales, who have been transferred to other districts.

T. C. Moore, who has been on sick leave since February last, left Winnipeg during the latter part of September, for his home at Cochrane. We are pleased to say that latest reports indicate Mr. Moore is progressing favourably in his convalescence.

Superior-Huron District

We have experienced unusually mild weather this fall and at the time of writing (November 3) aeroplanes are still in the water and serving most points in north-western Ontario. Transportation companies at Hudson have made good use of the mild weather to rush delivery of equipment for the mill at Uchi Gold Mines. Uchi appears to be the outstanding mining development in north-western Ontario for 1938. Behind the scenes lurks the familiar figure of Jack Hammell and we wish him a full measure of success at Uchi. In the Red Lake area, Hammell interests have acquired control of Red Lake Gold Shore Mines. Rumour has it that a record large tonnage mill (10,000 tons daily capacity) may be in prospect for the Red Lake area. Says Mr. Hammell, "This may sound like a dream but it is not as big a dream as Uchi." The new enterprise will be known as "Saga Gold Mines" and undoubtedly Mr. Hammell's influence on Canadian mining is in itself something of a saga.

Hudson residents miss the familiar figure of Dave Learmonth these days. Mr. Learmonth must have achieved something of a record amongst contemporary post managers in the number of posts at which he has successfully served and the wide area he has covered while in the service. In 1904, fresh from Aberdeen, Scotland, we find him stationed at York Factory; in 1905, at Churchill. We take a big jump in 1910 to Fort Vermilion, and in 1912 to Peace River. A Great War veteran, in 1922 he is at Woswonaby post in Quebec, Moose Factory in 1924, Barriere post in 1925 and Gogama in 1927. At Pine Ridge in 1929 he caught the last of Red Lake's first gold rush and in 1931 we find him at Hudson. Now, in 1938, he has just been transferred to Norway House, one of the more historic Company posts.

We extend congratulations to L. R. Johnson, Mobert post, who has just received the Company's gold medal upon completion of thirty years' service on December 1, 1938. We also congratulate J. G. Boyd, manager of Red Lake post, on his marriage to Miss Betty MacDonald at Edmonton, September 15. Miss G. Thomson of the Red Lakes staff underwent an operation for appendicitis during August. She has now recovered and has again taken up her duties at Red Lake. On October 27, Nipigon post graduated to the Small Stores Division. We wish our former staff at this post the best of luck and continued success in their new sphere. During the quarter, J. Glass paid a visit to Hudson, Bucke, Cavell, Peterbell, Gogama, Timagami, Mobert, Nipigon and Dinorwic posts.

James Bay District

The wedding of Lorna Tyrer, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Tyrer, to A. H. Michell, post manager at Attawapiskat, took place on August 2 at Moose Factory. Rev. Gilbert Thompson officiated. The bride was given in marriage by her father. Mrs. R. Thompson was matron of honour, and Corporal F. L. Wilson, R.C.M.P., was best man. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Cargill, and was witnessed by a large gathering of guests.

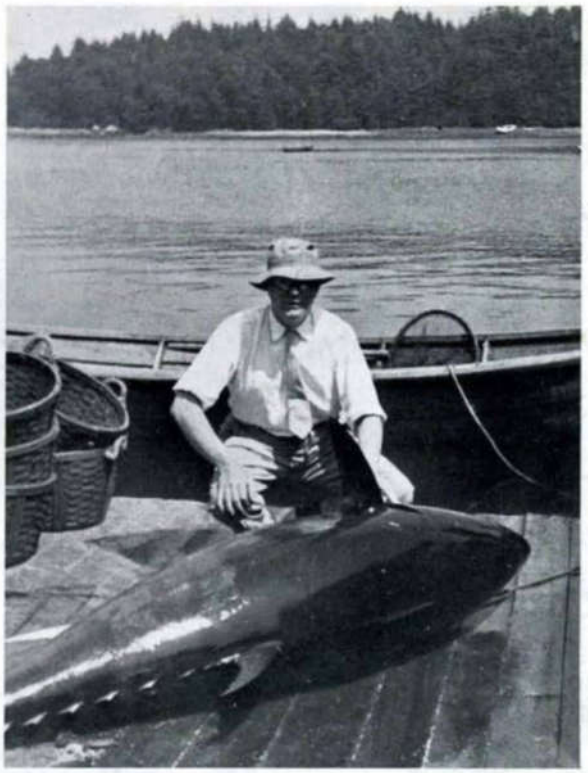
To dedicate the chapel in the new mission school, Archbishop Owen, primate of the Anglican Church in Canada, visited

Fur traders N. M. Roberts and A. Stevenson at Wolstenholme.

Mrs. A. Harkes, wife of the post manager at Clear Lake, with her pet bear.

Radio station at Clear Lake.

Mrs. E. E. Rich, wife of the General Editor of the Hudson's Bay Record Society, at Jasper Park Lodge.



With a 535-pound tuna hooked off the coast of Maine—President Harold C. Whitman, of Clarence Whitman & Sons, Inc., United States distributors for Hudson's Bay "Point" Blankets.

Moose Factory in August. The Primate was assisted in the dedication ceremony by Bishop Anderson and Canons Gould and Wallace.

Dr. McGill of the Dept. of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, and Dr. Tyrer, Indian Agent, made a tour of inspection during the past summer. All settlements on the east coast from Moose Factory to Great Whale River were visited, and also those north to Attawapiskat on the west coast.

Professor A. F. Sherzer from Ann Arbor, Michigan, travelled on the *Fort Churchill* to Great Whale River, and thence north to Richmond Gulf by motor boat. The previous summer Mr. Sherzer visited the Belcher Islands.

Mrs. K. F. Herzfeld, anthropologist at the Catholic University, Washington, spent three weeks at Rupert's House during August and September.

In the interests of the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburgh, a successful expedition on the Company's vessel M.B. *Dorothy* was made up the east coast of James Bay to the north of Belcher Islands. A full quota of specimens was obtained, which included walrus, seal and polar bear. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, C. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Doutt, Dr. and Mrs. Twomey and Colonel Paul C. Hunt, all of Pittsburgh.

Lester Essig, a fourteen year old lad from Chicago, had the thrill of shooting an 1,800 pound polar bear with bow and arrow at Twin Islands in James Bay. It took three arrows to kill the bear. Lester's father, who was with his son, has a complete action picture of the hunt. The expedition to the Twin Islands was made on the Company motor vessel *Joy H.*

Father Schulte, accompanied by Rev. Henri Belleau, O.M.I., Vicar Provinciale, paid visits during the summer to the missions at Weenusk, Attawapiskat and Albany.

D. J. Taylor, Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries, Ontario, accompanied by Dr. Harrison F. Lewis, Chief Federal Migratory Bird Officer, Ontario and Quebec, and E. E. Shepard, publisher from Montreal, visited Moose Factory in September. Later the party travelled to Hannah Bay to study the question of establishing a bird sanctuary.

Mrs. J. Blackhall was brought out by 'plane from Fort George to hospital in Rouyn in September. Fortunately the illness was not as serious as at first thought, and she returned to Fort George on October 22. We had a visit in October from Mrs. R. M. Duncan from Lac Seul post.

The Gellman Exploration Party from Montreal travelled by Canadian Airways in August to the Belcher Islands to examine the iron deposits there.

We deeply regret to record that S. A. Taylor, post manager at Long Lake, had the misfortune to lose his son Walter, who fell from a moving passenger train and was killed.

Two private commercial radio stations were established in James Bay District during the summer—CY7U Weenusk and CY80 Great Whale River. Both are working satisfactorily.

M. K. Bovey and Cleveland Grant arrived at Moose Factory in September to take pictures of geese and ducks on the coast.

J. O. Nielsen, master of the supply schooner *Fort Churchill*, was recently under the doctor's care for two weeks. During a spell of heavy weather he was thrown off the wheel box to the deck and suffered severe bruises.

St. Lawrence District

The first of the *Nascopie* passengers to arrive in Montreal from Halifax was the Bishop of the Arctic, the Right Reverend A. L. Fleming, D.D. He was most enthusiastic about the 1938 voyage, describing it as the most enjoyable he has yet experienced. Other passengers who passed through Montreal included Major D. L. McKeand and other members of the Government party; District Manager J. W. Anderson; J. A. Thom, Mrs. Thom and daughter; C. H. J. Winter; S. C. Knapp and B. D. Campbell.

P. C. Mehmel, manager of the Fur Purchasing Agency, who was transferred in September to the Vancouver F.P.A., was the recipient of a silver cocktail set, presented by members of the district, M.F. P.A. and Depot staffs. Mr. Mehmel entertained the staffs at an enjoyable supper at the Hof Brau Restaurant. Our best wishes accompany Mr. and Mrs. Mehmel. We are happy to welcome Mr. and Mrs. L. D. French to Montreal. Mr. French is replacing Mr. Mehmel at Montreal F.P.A., having previously been in charge of the Agency at Vancouver.

Romeo Vachon, local manager of Canadian Airways Limited, has severed his connection with that firm to join Trans-Canada Airways, and his many friends throughout the district wish him every success. T. C. Carmichael of Ungava District, together with Mrs. Carmichael and their small son, arrived in Montreal off the *M. F. Therese* from Wakeham Bay. They later left for Newfoundland, where Mr. Carmichael is on sick leave. Dr. E. E. Binet, who was Government Medical Officer at Havre St. Pierre, has joined the Ontario Paper Company at Shelter Bay. On Friday, August 12, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Camiot of Natashquan. Miss V. C. Callis, daughter of Rev. P. Callis of Drummondville, P.Q., and granddaughter of the late W. R. Hamilton, former Pointe Bleue post manager, was married on August 13 to J. H. Plow of Montreal.

Dr. Charles Camsell, Deputy Minister of Mines and Resources, paid a visit during August to Pointe Bleue, accompanied by his son and daughter.

Romaine post suffered from a plague of caterpillars which was so bad that it was necessary to place lime in front of the doors of all buildings to keep them out.

Thomas Brookes, late of the Montreal Depot warehouse staff, left for England during October. Norman Wilding, who has been spending the summer assisting at the District Office and the Montreal Depot, left for Toronto, where he will have charge of the fur consignment business for the Company.

Labrador District

We had the pleasure of extending a welcome to His Excellency the Governor of Newfoundland, Admiral Sir Humphrey Walwyn, and his secretary, Capt. Schwerdt, R.N., at Cartwright and Hopedale during the summer. While at Cartwright the M.B. *Fort Cartwright* was placed at the disposal of the party for a salmon fishing trip to Eagle River.

Dr. and Mrs. Forsyth of the International Grenfell Association took up residence at Cartwright this summer. We extend to them a hearty welcome.

The Fur Trade Commissioner paid us a short visit during August.

J. E. Keats, who has spent the summer on furlough in England, returned to North West River by S.S. *Kyle* on October 19. He was accompanied by his wife and child. While on the other side he took a fur grading course in London and acquitted himself very commendably there. We extend congratulations to H. Leaman, manager of Makkovik post, on his marriage on July 17 to Miss Sarah Webb. Rev. P. Siegfried Hettasch, who arrived at St. John's from England a few days before the *Fort Garry* sailed on her final trip for the season to Labrador, took passage by that vessel for Nain, where he will engage in Missionary work. He is the son of Rev. Paul Hettasch, well known superintendent of Moravian Missions in Labrador. We welcome Mr. Hettasch and wish him every success.

A private commercial wireless station was established by the Company at Hebron this summer and satisfactory results have been obtained. This means of communication with the northern section of the district, which previously was isolated after the close of navigation, is a welcome innovation.

The district manager returned from his inspection of Labrador posts on October 6.

Considerable interest was taken this year in the Newfoundland Agricultural Exhibition, at which there was a good showing of silver fox and mink raised in this country.

Ungava District

The September *Beaver* carried the story of R.M.S. *Nascopie's* voyage from Montreal to Churchill, Manitoba, and in this issue we continue the record of the 269th voyage "trading into Hudson's Bay."

At Churchill a number of passengers left for "parts south," including Fur Trader H. H. Hall, who as a result of a dogteam accident last winter was taken aboard at Stupart's Bay post to receive medical attention from the ship's doctor. As his condition was serious, Dr. Rogers ordered that he should proceed to The Pas, Manitoba, for hospital treatment. We regret to advise that Mr. Hall had been home only one week with his brother when he succumbed to his injuries. A. H. Snow, purser, also left us at Churchill to proceed to Montreal, leaving A. F. Wilson to carry on in his stead.

The passengers joining the *Nascopie* at Churchill included district manager W. E. Brown, who travelled to Chesterfield; Bishop Clabaut, Coadjutor Bishop of the Arctic, who travelled to Pond's Inlet; Superientendent T. B. Caulkin, officer commanding "G" Division, who made the round trip to Halifax, and Constable Robinson, Royal Canadian Mounted Police; apprentice A. C. Ross for Pangnirtung; Miss Eileen Wallace, the bride of Post Manager A. R. Scott, Arctic Bay; Miss Lorene Squire, special photographer for *The Beaver*; the Misses Strang, Whittier and Buehl; Messrs. Sanson and Lentz; also Dr. H. F. Conn of Johns Hopkins Hospital, on a scientific mission.

On August 11 Father Paul Schulte returned from Arctic Bay to Chesterfield with the sick Father Cochard thus completing a memorable and historic flight. We had previously been advised by radiogram that Father Cochard was lying sick at the H B C post at Arctic Bay, and shortly after the *Nascopie* left Churchill word came through that his condition had become worse. Father Schulte immediately undertook to bring the sick priest to Chesterfield Hospital by aeroplane. The flight was made from Churchill to Chesterfield, then to Igloolik, where Father

Schulte had two drums of aeroplane gasoline. He was held up by fog one day at Igloolik but eventually got away, and in order to carry more reserve gasoline he flew alone, leaving his mechanic, Brother Bodoin, at Igloolik. He arrived at Arctic Bay 12.30 p.m., August 10, and left the same day in the afternoon at 4.15 p.m., reaching Chesterfield safely at 12.30 p.m., August 11. This was altogether a very fine feat and the flight will go down in history as the first aeroplane visit to Arctic Bay. The distance from Chesterfield is over 1,600 miles, and on the whole trip from Churchill on this mercy flight Father Schulte covered more than 2,000 miles in a comparatively short space of time. Father Cochard subsequently made a normal recovery.

While at Chesterfield, the M.S. *Fort Severn* loaded cargo from the *Nascopie* and sailed for Baker Lake with district manager W. E. Brown aboard. At this port we took on board post manager S. J. Stewart, who has been transferred from Chesterfield to Pangnirtung.

The *Nascopie* arrived at Wolstenholme for the second call of the 1938 season at 10 p.m., August 13, and sailed the next day. At 4 a.m. on the morning of the 14th Miss Lorene Squire went on a photographic expedition to the Agpa Cliffs at Cape Wolstenholme in the motorboat *Ivik* and, although the weather was rather dull and damp, she was successful in seeing a large number of birds and securing a number of photographs.

A twenty-four-hour storm in Hudson Strait delayed the *Nascopie's* arrival at Lake Harbour until the evening of August 16. Here we took on board Physiographer D. A. Nichols, who had been conducting geological surveys in this area between the two visits of the supply ship. Likewise J. J. Bildfell, who had been investigating the possibilities of the eiderdown industry. S. C. Knapp also rejoined the *Nascopie* at Lake Harbour, having conducted his art studies in the vicinity of this post. Throughout the voyage Mr. Knapp has secured a large number of canvasses. Constable D. McLaughlin with Constable W. Taylor as assistant was left in charge of the R.C.M.P. detachment at Lake Harbour.

August 18 was a tragic day when Able Seaman Isaac Mercer fell from the *Nascopie* rigging and sustained skull fractures of such severity that he died almost immediately. The impressive service of burial at sea was conducted by Right Reverend A. L. Fleming, Bishop of the Arctic. Four seamen acted as pall-bearers, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police Detachment attended in full dress uniform, and as many officers and men as could be spared from duty. The engines were stopped, and the bell tolled for Mercer, who was an extremely competent seaman and had sailed in Company ships practically every year since 1927, including the voyage in the *Fort James* from Newfoundland to the Western Arctic. He was very well liked by all with whom he came in contact.

The *Nascopie* met a good deal of ice in Davis Strait on the way north to Greenland, but without undue delay reached Thule at 8.30 p.m. August 24. The day of our arrival at Thule was a thrill for the passengers as there were numerous large and impressive icebergs to be seen—altogether a great day for photographers. We sighted Cape York at noon, and anchored at Thule 8.30 p.m. The approach to Thule is most impressive with a high sort of table-topped hill commanding the entrance to the bay and the settlement. The Eskimo village was sighted first and we went into the wrong bay but, rounding the "table-mountain," we were met by the Danish representative, Mr. Jensen, who piloted us into the anchorage. Mr. Jensen conducted customs, medical and other formalities with Captain Smellie, and then we all went on shore for an official visit. The passengers were allowed on shore and, as there was no darkness in this northern latitude, it was well after midnight before they all came on board. Bishop Fleming was entertained by the native preacher and talked with the Thule Eskimos. In fact, Bishop Fleming spent most of the Arctic night ashore and addressed the Thule natives, besides visiting the hospital and the officials. As for the passengers, the weather being most agreeable, they were very interested indeed in the rugged scenery, the commanding glaciers, and above all, the typically Greenland Eskimo attire of the natives.

The white population at Thule consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Jensen, Dr. and Mrs. Goldberg, and Nurse Bingsten. Mr. Jensen, in addition to being the Danish representative, is also the fur trader for the Government and the head of the settlement. Dr. Goldberg is in charge of the hospital, with Nurse Bingsten as assistant. There are about ten buildings at Thule, including the hospital, church, school, trading store and the residence of the representative. The doctor and Mrs. Goldberg and Nurse Bingsten have rooms in the hospital. The native preacher has spent a few years at college in Copenhagen, Denmark, but is not yet ordained.

The purpose of our visit to Thule was to pick up two Eskimo families for the R.C.M.P. at Craig Harbour, and on our arrival we were told that while the wives of the required two Eskimos were at the settlement, their husbands were off hunting. However, on sighting the ship, Mr. Jensen had sent off a kyak in search of the missing men and they duly turned up at about six in the morning. Our early departure was prevented as by the time all their belongings were on board is was 10.20 a.m. on Thursday, August 25, before we were able to weigh anchor and sail away from Thule, Greenland.

Many beautiful icebergs were seen as we left Thule, and during the night we had considerable ice, but anchored safely at Craig Harbour, Ellesmere Island, at 5.45 a.m. next day. Here we put ashore the R.C.M.P. freight and the two Eskimo families and their belongings, and took aboard the two Baffin Island families who had been resident with the police for the past two years. These were Alooloo, his wife and two sons for Arctic Bay, and Mullo, his wife, two sons and two daughters for Pond's Inlet. Lance-Corporal Yates, who has been in charge of the Craig Harbour Detachment for the past year, came on board to go out on furlough, his place being taken by Lance Corporal Hamilton. Constable Fyfe, second in command, remains at Craig Harbour for another year. The passengers were all ashore at Craig Harbour, the most northerly post office in the British Empire, and as usual there was a large amount of philatelic mail taken ashore to the post marked Craig Harbour.

A very pretty wedding took place in the saloon of the *Nascopie* at ten in the morning of Monday, August 29, when post manager A. R. Scott of Arctic Bay post was married to Miss Eileen Wallace of Peterhead, Scotland. The bride sailed from Glasgow last July 22, and landing in Montreal, proceeded by rail to Winnipeg, thence to Churchill, to join the *Nascopie* for her future home in Arctic Bay. Bishop Fleming performed the ceremony. District Accountant C. H. J. Winter was best man, Miss Squire was maid of honour, and Miss Beuhl was bridesmaid. District Manager J. W. Anderson gave the bride in marriage and the ceremony was witnessed by Major McKeand, Captain Smellie, passengers and officers who could be spared from duty.

Considerable ice was encountered in Prince Regent Sound, but the ship eventually anchored at the new Fort Ross post at 8 a.m. on August 31. Here we found post manager L. A. Learmonth, with his assistants, post manager D. Goodyear and Interpreter E. W. Lyall, in good health and spirits after a busy winter of construction work on the new post. Post manager D. Goodyear has done a highly creditable piece of work in the new Fort Ross dwelling, which will stand for many years as a shining example of the excellence of his workmanship. During the winter the staff at Fort Ross made various exploratory trips, one of which was by E. W. Lyall as far as Port Leopold, and another by D. Goodyear to Fury Beach, where some very interesting relics of H.M.S. *Fury* were found. This was the ship of Captain William Edward Parry, which with the *Hecla* wintered in the vicinity of Igloolik in 1822-23, and thus we have the name Fury and Hecla Strait. It was therefore very fitting and very interesting that the *Fury* relics should be picked up by the staff of Fort Ross post. Some of these are plainly stamped H.M.S. *Fury*.

Fort Ross post, in the North West Passage, one of the latest of the chain across the Arctic, is well under way as a going concern and the only construction work to be completed is the interior of the trading store. In the living room of the factor's residence hangs a portrait of Sir John Ross, for whom the post is named, and this portrait is framed in mahogany from the wreck of Sir John's ship, *The Victory*. Awaiting the *Nascopie* at Fort Ross was the stout little ship *Aklavik* with Patsy Klengenberg in command, and she will again make the North West Passage with freight to King William Land. Most of the native families taken from Hudson Strait went ashore at Fort Ross and there were many happy reunions before we sailed away at 1 p.m. on September 1, leaving post manager L. A. Learmonth, Apprentice M. G. Ahlbaum and Interpreter E. W. Lyall to hold the fort for the coming winter.

Pond's Inlet was reached on September 3, and we were greeted by post manager Alex Smith, assistant J. R. Ford, Rev. M. Flint, Father Danielo, Brother Valon, Lance-Corporal Cory, and Constable Leach. Bishop Clabaut, Coadjutor to Right Rev. A. Turquetil, Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, and who joined us at Churchill, Manitoba, left us to stay ashore with the Roman Catholic Mission at Pond's Inlet. Bishop Clabaut plans later in the winter to travel down to Igloolik, thence to Repulse Bay and Chesterfield.

The weather was very unsettled on the voyage from Clyde to Pangnirtung—rain, fog, and snow— so that with delays encountered we must have lost at least thirty hours' time. Captain Smellie, however was able to pick up landmarks at daybreak on Friday, September 9, and in clearing weather we sailed into Pang-

nirtung Fjord and anchored off the post at 6 p.m. We were greeted by post manager J. A. and Mrs. Thom and Apprentice Harwood, Dr. and Mrs. Orford of the Government Medical Service, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert of the Anglican Mission, and the Misses Giles, Hearst and Carey of the Anglican Hospital, and Lance-Corporal Muffitt and Constable McCabe, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Beautiful weather prevailed while we were at Pangnirtung so that even with a limited number of natives on hand cargo work progressed favourably. On Saturday the passengers had an excursion up the fjord but due to the scarcity of natives the customary Eskimo sports were not held. We are happy to report that a daughter was born on July 26 to Dr. and Mrs. Orford at Pangnirtung. During the day Chief Wireless Operator Horner, assisted by Apprentice A. C. Ross and the ship's carpenter, erected the Company's Private Commercial Radio Station CY7N and by evening it was on the air. With the erection of this station Mr. Horner completes seven stations in this district during the present season, making a total of eleven Private Commercial Radio Stations in Ungava district.

We sailed away from Pangnirtung on September 12, taking with us Mr. and Mrs. Thom and their daughter Sandra, who was the first white child born at Pangnirtung, July 26, 1936. Sandra is therefore making her first visit to the white civilization to which she belongs. Apprentice T. A. Harwood, who is now taking an engineering course in the east, was also a passenger to Halifax, and likewise Lance-Corporal E. E. Muffitt, who was succeeded in charge of the R.C.M.P. detachment by Lance-Corporal Davies.

At Kilmarnock, Scotland, on September 23, a son, Gordon Bruce, was born to Mrs. Gordon Webster, wife of our post manager at Cape Smith. In these days of radio communication the glad tidings were quickly relayed to the happy father at Cape Smith.

On September 30 Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Carmichael and Apprentice B. D. Campbell arrived at Quebec on the *M. F. Therese*. Mr. Carmichael has been obliged to come out for medical attention, while Apprentice Campbell is out for several months furlough.

STAFF CHANGES

BRITISH COLUMBIA DISTRICT

Name	From	To
R. J. Campbell	Furlough	Manager, Dease Lake
J. T. Buchan	Manager, Liard	Manager, Fort Ware
James Ware	Manager, Fort Ware	Manager, Liard
J. R. Copeland	Furlough	Manager, Fort Grahame
W. H. Houston	Manager, Port Simpson	Furlough
J. S. Nelson	Relieving, Babine	Manager, Port Simpson
S. S. Mackie,	Manager, Fort Resolution	Manager, Babine
R. S. Cunningham	Manager, Manson Creek	Furlough
W. G. Murray	Manager, Lansdowne House	Manager, Manson Creek
H. C. Borbridge	Furlough	Manager, Keg River
W. J. Clarke	Keg River	Manager, Little Red River Outpost
D. W. J. McMullin	Manager, Sturgeon Lake	Resigned
J. W. Law	Pine River	Manager, Sturgeon Lake
J. S. Nisbet	Apprentice, Fort St. John	Appren., Fort Vermilion
R. H. Hancock	Apprentice, Fort Vermilion	Appren., Fort St. John

MACKENZIE-ATHABASCA DISTRICT

B. F. Clark	Manager, Fort Smith	Winnipeg
E. J. Gall	Manager, Kugaryuak	Manager, Rocher River
Geo. Gardner	Apprentice, Fort Smith	Appren., Fort Chipewyan
J. K. Kerr	Apprentice, Fort Dease	Appren., Fort Fitzgerald
C. A. Keefer	Manager, Fort Wrigley	Furlough
S. S. Mackie,	Manager, Fort Resolution	Manager, Babine
H. A. Macdonald	Manager, Norway House	Manager, Fort Smith
S. R. Nunn	Apprentice, Goldfields	Apprentice, Fort Rae
J. T. Rayside	Apprentice, Fort Chipewyan	Apprentice, Fort Smith
A. Stewart	Apprentice, Fort Chipewyan	Apprentice, Goldfields
D. K. Wilson	Furlough	Apprentice, Goldfields

WESTERN ARCTIC DISTRICT

E. Donovan	Apprentice, Fort Collinson	Read Island
A. G. Figgures	Apprentice, Kugaryuak	Baillie Island
O. Hansen	Appren., Wpg. Train'g School	Fort Collinson
R. H. Kilgour	Asst. Manager, Baillie Island	Fort Collinson
C. Larsen	Apprentice, Baillit Island	Perry River
C. Reiach	Post Manager, Furlough	Tuktuk
C. V. Rowan	Post Manager, Fort Collinson	Baillie Island
J. E. Sidgewick	Post Manager, Tuktuk	Furlough
D. G. Sturrock	Appren., King William Land	Bathurst Inlet
I. L. Wilson	Apprentice, Aklavik	Furlough
J. J. Wood	Apprentice, Perry River	Aklavik

SASKATCHEWAN DISTRICT

J. Goldie	Manager, Island Falls O.P.	Mgr., South Reindeer Lk.
R. F. Millard	Relieving, S. Reindeer Lk.	Mgr., Misty Lake O.P.
W. Davidson	Relieving, Nueltin Lake	Assistant, Island Lake
W. T. Clarke	Relieving, God's Lake	Manager, Gisipigmack
C. E. Hamilton	Furlough	Manager, God's Lake
C. McArthur	Furlough	Mgr., Wollaston Lk. O.P.
J. W. Law	Furlough	British Columbia Dist.
D. P. Gourlay	Furlough	Manager, Buffalo River
F. Schweder	Furlough	Manager, Nueltin Lake
G. Ross Roberts	Apprentice, Green Lake	Appren.,Cumberland Hs.
J. A. Slater	Appren., Cumberland House	Appren., Fort Alexander
H. A. McDonald	Manager, Norway House	Mackenzie-AthabascaDis.
R. Rankin	Apprentice, Island Lake	Resigned
J. M. S. Macleod	Sick Leave	Assistant, Lac la Ronge
A. Mackintosh	Manager, Trout Lake, Nelson River District	Manager, Lac du Brochet
J. R. McDonald	Manager, Buffalo River	Resigned
W. A. Hunter	Manager, Lac du Brochet	Winnipeg
D. H. Learmonth	Superior-Huron Dist.	Manager, Norway House

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT

S. J. Stewart	Manager, Chesterfield Inlet	Ungava District
A. Mackintosh	Manager, Trout Lake	Saskatchewan District
A. Anderson	Manager, Nelson House	Furlough
B. Moore	Manager, York Factory	Manager, Nelson House
H. F. Bland	Manager, Split Lake	Manager, York Factory
A. Millar	Manager, Pukatawagan	Manager, Split Lake
R. H. Cook	Manager, Churchill	Furlough
W. A. Smith	Ungava District	Manager, Churchill

NELSON RIVER DISTRICT—Continued

Name	From	To
H. Flett	Manager, Big Beaver House	Manager, Bearskin Lake
T. Batchelor	Manager, Bearskin Lake	Manager, Big Beaver Hse.
H. Voisey	Furlough	Clerk, Repulse Bay
R. K. Muir	Furlough	James Bay District
F. Schoales	Furlough	James Bay District
W. McKinnie	Manager, Granville Lake	Manager, Pukatawagan
A. J. Trafford	Furlough	Clerk, Wabowden
G. Anderson	Transport Office	Manager, Tavane
M. T. Allen	Apprentice, Churchill	Apprentice, York Facty.
N. Gaudin	Furlough	Manager, Sand Lake
D. Drysdale	Apprentice, Padley	Apprentice, Tavane

SUPERIOR-HURON DISTRICT

E. E. Bates	Manager, Pagwa River (James Bay District)	Manager, Dinorwic Post
B. C. Lemon	Manager, Dinorwic Post	Manager, Hudson Post
D. H. Learmonth	Manager, Hudson	Manager, Norway House (Saskatchewan District)
G. Maconnell	Clerk, Timagami	Clerk, Hudson
Wm. Campbell	Clerk, F.T.C.O.	Bookkeeper, Red Lake
M. S. Cook	Manager, Timagami	Winnipeg
W. Howarth	Bookkeeper, Nipigon	Resigned to resume University studies
A. E. MacNaughton	Relieving Manager	Pagwa River

JAMES BAY DISTRICT

A. Hughes	Manager, Osnaburgh	Furlough
D. Forsyth	Superior-Huron Dist.	Manager, Osnaburgh
A. McNaughton	Superior-Huron Dist.	Manager, Pagwa River
E. E. Bates	Manager, Pagwa River	Manager, Dinorwic
C. C. Foreman	Apprentice, Rupert's House	Manager, Kapisko O.P.
Bryce Merrill	Apprentice, Moose Factory	Appren., Rupert's House
R. K. Muir	Apprentice, Split Lake	Assistant, Moose Factory
F. H. Schoales	Apprentice, York Factory	Asst., Lansdowne House
J. Hope-Brown	Manager, Nemaska	Furlough
D. Boyd	Manager, Moosonee	Manager, Nemaska
R. Thompson	Transport Manager	Manager, Moosonee
J. Berizuk	Training School, Winnipeg	Apprentice, Weenusk
E. Duxbury	Training School, Winnipeg	Appren., Gt. Whale River
J. B. Tyrer	Manager, Ghost River O.P.	Asst. Manager, Belcher
J. Blackhall	Manager, Albany	Manager, Fort George
W. T. Watt	Manager, Fort George	Furlough
A. L. Hill	Manager, Pine Ridge	Furlough

ST. LAWRENCE DISTRICT

Peter M. Wright	Apprentice, Obijuan	Apprentice, Bersimis
Jean Fiset	Manager, Barriere	Manager, Romaine
W. A. Wickham	Manager, Romaine	Manager, Barriere
H. A. Graham	Furlough	Manager, Obijuan

UNGAVA DISTRICT

M. G. Ahlbaum	Apprentice, Arctic Bay	Apprentice, Fort Ross
J. W. Bruce	Apprentice, Payne Bay	Appren., Port Harrison
J. N. S. Buchan	Canadian Committee Office	Trainee, Cape Dorset
B. D. Campbell,	Apprentice, Port Harrison	Furlough
T. C. Carmichael	Manager, Stupart's Bay	Furlough
L. Coates	App.-in-Charge, Furlough	Manager, Diana Bay
H. B. Figgures	Apprentice, Cape Dorset	Appren., Lake Harbour
H. T. Ford	Manager, Clyde	Retired
S. G. Ford	Furlough	Manager, Clyde
W. J. G. Ford	Interpreter, Povungnetuk	Interpreter, Arctic Bay
D. Goodyear	Assistant, Fort Ross	Furlough
T. A. Hambling	Apprentice, Fort McKenzie	Apprentice, Fort Chimo
T. Harwood	Apprentice, Pangnirtung	Retired
J. R. Heslop	Winnipeg Training School	Appren., Fort McKenzie
M. L. Manning	Manager, Furlough	Manager, Stupart's Bay
P. A. C. Nichols	App.-in-Chge., Port Burwell	Furlough
T. Palliser	Interpreter, Stupart's Bay	Interpreter, Diana Bay
N. M. Roberts	Apprentice, Diana Bay	Apprentice, Povungnetuk
E. W. Riddell	W. Arctic Dis.	Manager, Port Burwell
J. M. Stanners	Furlough	Mgr., Payne River O.P.
A. Stevenson	Apprentice, Fort Chimo	Apprentice, Payne Bay
J. A. Thom	Manager, Pangnirtung	Furlough
D. A. Wilderspin	Manager, Diana Bay	Manager, Fort Chimo

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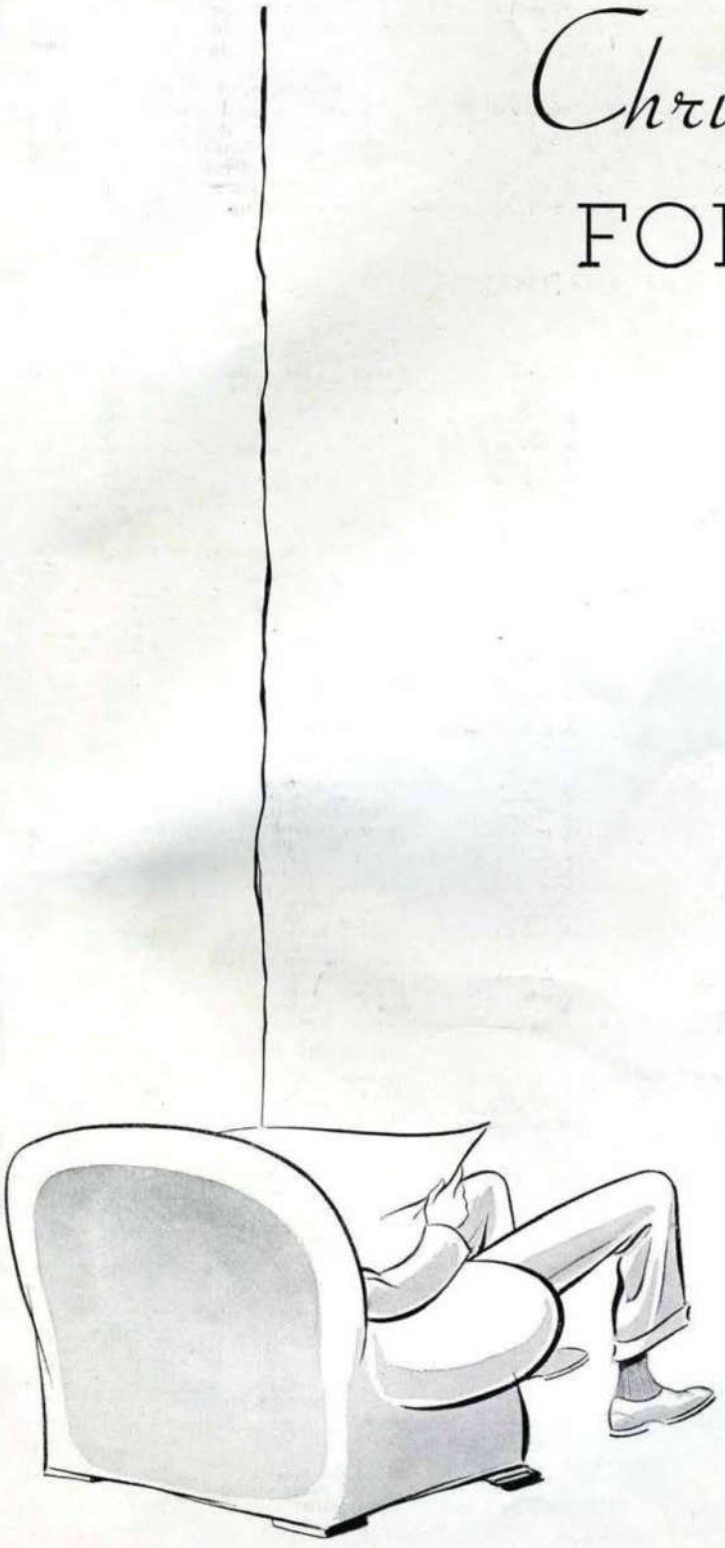

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